

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;
TENDING TO
AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INculcate MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON. *London*

VOL. I.

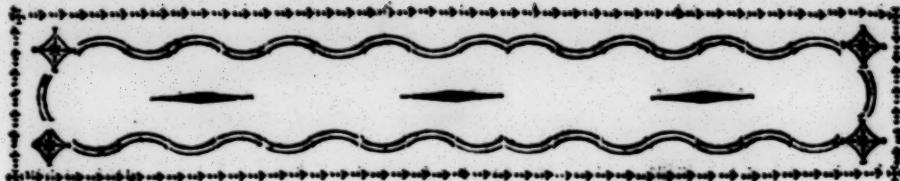
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1796.

270. e. 300.





A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE of CROMWELL.

WHEN the affairs of Charles I. were in their wane in all the Southern counties, the Marquis of Newcastle's prudence gave them some credit in the North. His residence was at York, where he engaged two gentlemen of the country to act under him as Lieutenants. Sir Richard Graham was one; whose commission under the Marquis is still in the hands of the family. As Sir Richard was both an active man, and much attached to the Royal cause, he entered into it with all that vigour, which ability, inspired by inclination could exert; and did the King more effectual service than perhaps any private gentleman in those parts.

B

On

On that fatal day when the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, in opposition to the sage advice of the Marquis, led the King's forces out of York against Cromwell, who waited for them on Marsden-Moor, Sir Richard Graham had a principal command; and no man did more than he, to end an action with success, which had been undertaken with temerity.

When the day was irretrievably lost, and nothing remained but for every man to seek the best means of security that offered, Sir Richard fled, with twenty-six bleeding wounds upon him, to his own house, at Norton-Conyers, about fifteen miles from the field. Here he arrived in the evening; and being spent with loss of blood and fatigue, he was carried into his chamber, where taking a last farewell of his disconsolate lady, he expired.

Cromwell, who had ever expressed a peculiar inveteracy against this gentleman, and thought a victory only half obtained if he escaped, pursued him in person with a troop of horse.

When he arrived at Norton, his gallant enemy was dead; having scarce lived an hour after he was carried into his chamber; and Cromwell found his wretched lady weeping over the mangled corpse of her husband, yet scarce cold.

Such

Such a fight, one would have imagined, might have given him—not indeed an emotion of pity, —but at least a satiety of revenge; on the contrary, he still felt the vengeance of his soul unsatisfied; and turning round to his troopers, who had stalked after him into the sacred recesses of sorrow, he gave the sign of havoc; and in a few moments the whole house was torn to pieces; not even the bed was spared on which the mangled body was extended, and every thing was destroyed which the hand of rapine could not carry off.

ANECDOTE of the late Unfortunate QUEEN MATILDA.

DURING her confinement in the Palace of Cronborg, she inhabited the governor's apartment, and had permission to walk upon the side batteries, or upon the leads of the tower. She was uncertain of the fate that awaited her; and had great reason to apprehend that the party which had occasioned her arrest, meditated still more violent measures. When the English minister at Copenhagen, brought an order for her enlargement, which he had obtained by his spirited conduct, she was so surprized with the unexpected intelligence, that she instantly burst into a flood

of tears ; embraced him in a transport of joy, and called him her deliverer. After a short conference, the minister proposed, that her Majesty should immediately embark on board of a ship, that was waiting to carry her from a kingdom, in which she had experienced such a train of misfortunes. But, however anxious she was to depart, one circumstance checked the excess of her joy. A few months before her imprisonment she had been delivered of a princess, whom she suckled herself. The rearing of this child had been her only comfort ; and she had conceived a more than parental attachment to it, from its having been the constant companion of her misery. The infant was at that period afflicted with the measles ; and, having nursed it with unceasing solicitude, she was desirous of continuing her attention and care. All these circumstances had so endeared the child to her,—rendered more susceptible of tenderness in a prison than a court, that when an order for detaining the young Princess was intimated to her, she testified the strongest emotions of grief, and could not, for some time, be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu. At length, after bestowing repeated caresses upon this darling object of her affections, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, —her eyes immovably directed towards the palace

lace of Cronborg, which contained her child that had been so long her only comfort, until darkness intercepted the view. The vessel having made but little way during night, at day break, she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible; and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin as long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements.

V E R S E S,

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, * during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandes.*

I Am Monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of Humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never

* Alexander Selkirk was a Native of Scotland, and an excellent Seaman. Having been left alone upon the desolate Island Juan Fernandes, between four and five years; at last he was happily released by an English Ship that happened to touch there.

Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own !

The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They're so unacquainted with Man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon Man !
 Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage,
 In the ways of Religion and Truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of Age,
 And be cheer'd by the fallies of Youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold,
 Presides in that heavenly word ?
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell,
 These vallies and rocks never heard ;
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye Winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore,

Some

Some cordial, endearing report,
Of a land I can visit no more.

My Friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a Friend,
Though a Friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight;
The Tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrow of Light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! Recollection, at hand,
Soon hurries me back to Despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's Mercy in every place,
And Mercy, encouraging Thought!
Gives even Affliction a grace,
And reconciles Man to his lot.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

ABOUT forty years ago, a very worthy man went to St. James's-Palace, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, (on his friend's shutting the door after him) he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and, with his head, burst open a closet-door. The unlucky visitor was completely stunned with the fall; and, on his recovery, found himself sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting with great exactness, pieces of sticking plaster to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's unwigged pate. For some time his surprize kept him silent; but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received. These were, however, instantly checked by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand toward the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, wondering how so much humanity,

manity, and so much unsociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom.

ANECDOTE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY the end of the year 1754, Dr. Johnson had compleated the copy of his Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction, than to the joy of Millar, the Bookseller, the principal Proprietor of the work, and the guardian or treasurer of the fund, out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy on the occasion was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemporately, as appears from the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

“ Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money, for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him.”

To which Johnson returned this good-humoured and brief answer:

C

“ Samuel

“ Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing.”

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty Courtiers where he could procure some.—The Courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royalist, who very probably might lend him some. The Monarch advised his Confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady; and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Mante, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided. They were most hospitably received, and after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the Courtier affecting an air of deep sorrow,—“ Alas! Madam, to what purpose are all our victories! We are in the greatest distress imaginable: His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers; Mayenne will triumph at last.” “ Is it possible!” (exclaimed Madame le Clerc) “ but

‘ but let not that afflict our gracious Sovereign, he will still find new resources; he fights for too noble and glorious a cause to be abandoned; many other persons will follow my example!’ On saying this, she quitted the room, and returned with many bags full of gold, which she laid at his feet. ‘ This is all I can do for the present (adding she gracefully) go and relieve the Prince of his anxiety; wish him from me all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal.’

Henry could not conceal himself any longer. “ Generous woman, (cried he) my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellency of your heart;—here he stands before you, and is a witness to your effusions of sensibility. Be assured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on Henry’s heart!”

Madame le Clerc fell at the Monarch’s feet, without being able to utter a word; the Confidant wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude: for want of money the troops were ready to revolt every moment.— Henry and his friend took leave of the lady, and

went to the army, who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, *Vive le Roi!* (long live the King!)

From that time success attended every one of that Monarch's enterprizes; and after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the Court was very brilliant and full:—In presenting her to the Nobility, “ You see this lady, (says he) a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest; and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour.” “ Ah! Sire, (interrupted Madame le Clerc) do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have felt ever since, for having contributed to the happiness and success of my Sovereign? *That* is the only *Interest* that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at.” The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist. This act, properly drawn and engraved, might be the companion

companion of the celebrated one where Sully presents his Master with the money he had received by the sale of the Royal forests.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A GREAT female Personage hearing that Mr. R. of Gloucester was at Windsor, on a visit to one of his relations, sent for him to the Lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought, which promised so much benefit to the lower order of the people, as the institution of Sunday Schools, was suggested to his mind; and what effects were observable in consequence, on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, Her Majesty most graciously said, that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people; a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was debarred. What a glorious sentiment is this for a Queen! Were this known among the ladies of the British nation, it would serve to animate them with zeal to follow the example which the Queen is desirous to set before them!

KINDNESS

KINDNESS continued will often work
on the most OBSTINATE.

ABENEVOLENT old man, called Cleon, who had an only Son, with whose education he had taken the greatest pains, saw with regret, the nearer he approached to manhood, the more he wandered in the paths of error. Carried away by the violence of his passions, he listened only to the insidious voice of pleasure, blind to his excesses, and deaf to repentance, every day was marked by vice and folly.

Remonstrances, threats, promises, complaisance, and rigour, in short, all that love and wisdom could invent, had no effect upon his inflexible heart, and he pertinaciously adhered to his former courses. "Cruel Gods!" cried the old man, while the tears rolled down his reverend cheeks, "Why have you given me a child so abandoned? Take back your fatal present, or take from me the affection of a father; his sight is poison to me, and destroys the happiness of the few moments I have yet to live." Then turning to the unworthy youth. "Fly from me, monster! far as the poles convey thy wretched being. I stifle the voice of nature in my heart, never see me more: happy would it be for mankind, if a sudden stroke of death, would prevent thee from adding another crime.

crime to those thou hast already committed and hide from the world my shame and sorrow ?

At these words, though a tempest had arose, and ravaged the country, Cleon thrust his son out of doors. The youth parted with an air of despondence ; and the father following him with his eyes, was suddenly struck at seeing him proceed towards a house which had been damaged by the storm, and from which the tiles were tumbling in great numbers. His anger was immediately forgot; distracted for the safety of his child, he called him back : "Avoid that house," said he, "nor lose your life until you are fit to die."

The heir of Cleon was so moved with this proof of his father's affection, that it occasioned an alteration of his conduct, which produced the happiest effects.

ANECDOTE OF LENS,

The celebrated Miniature Painter.

A JOLLY Parson, who loved a beef steak as well as any Layman in Britain, walked up to Ivy-lane in order to regale himself with a prime cut at Master Burrow's; and as he entered the house,

house, a gentleman in a lay habit went out, but whose general dress pointed him to be a clergyman: The clergyman, whose dress was much the same, took his place at the table where one person only sat; and that person was this profligate Miniature Painter. The Clergyman had no sooner ordered his steak, than Lens said, "I believe that fellow who is just gone out, is a Parson; I wish I had thought on it while he was in your seat, for of all fun whatever, nothing is so great to me as roasting a Parson." Such a declaration, made to a stranger who appeared likewise to be one of that order, astonished the surrounding company, who, like the Parson and the Painter, were waiting for their dinners, and rather roused in the Parson a disposition to roast him. Perceiving the eyes of every one fixed towards them, and a profound silence, he thus began:— " You observed, Sir, (said he) that had you known the Gentleman just gone out to have been a Parson, you would have roasted him; now, as you have nothing else to do 'till your dinner is set before you, I am a Parson at your service; and while my steak broils, I beg you will roast me for the gratification of your humour, and the entertainment of all the gentlemen who sit round us;" adding, that he would take the roasting with that decency and temper which it became one of his

his cloth to receive the taunts and sneers of such men who thought Parsons fair game.

This was the first time, perhaps, that Lens (who was not out of the way when impudence was shared) was put to the blush. In short, he could not even spit his meat, much less roast it; however, a prospect of something to hide his embarrassment appeared, and that was a fine mackerel with gooseberry sauce, which were set before him; but before he could put his knife to it, the Parson observed, that he never saw a finer mackerel, adding, that as his steak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit of his mackerel; accordingly he stripped it up half to the back bone, and helped himself. This manœuvre had such a wonderful effect, and produced such an unanimous roar of laughter throughout the whole room, that Mr. Lens got up, went to the bar, paid for his fish, and left the other moiety for the victorious Parson. This story soon took wind; and whenever a mackerel was mentioned in Lens' company, he was always knocked down as flat as a flounder.



THE FOLLOWING VERSES

Were ordered by the late Mrs. Turner, of Woolwich, to be laid upon her Husband's Writing-Desk, a few Days before her Death, and may prove acceptable to the admirers of that Lady's Composition.

A H Y M N.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of Life's mistaken ill or good:
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

He portions with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share,
Of joy and sorrow,—health or pain.

Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
Fix we our feet on Fortune's ball;
When most secure, the coming hour,
If he sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief or shame,
Gorg'd with Affliction's bitter cup;
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
His pow'rful hand can raise thee up.

His mighty consolation cheer,
His smiles erect th' afflicted head;
His hand can wipe away the tear,
That secret wets the widow'd bed.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S
On BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY.

Suggested by an inclement Season.

GENIUS of Pity! now exert thy sway,
And with thy soft emotions soothe the breast;
May every heart thy dictates still obey;
And be thy humanizing pow'r confess'd.

May sweet Benevolence, auspicious fair,
Vouchsafe thy cheering progress to attend;
And smiling Charity, with constant care,
Where'er Distress appears, her succour lend.

For winter now resumes his frigid reign;
In just succession cheerless cold returns;
Now low'ring mists a sullen gloom maintain;
Now frosts prevail, and vegetation mourns.

Of verdure now the trees are all bereft,
And Nature's face a joyless scene displays;
The feather'd songsters now the groves have left,
They now no more their choral matins raise.

Where shall the houseless wand'rer now retire?
Where shall his aching eyes discern a home?
Where shall his steps approach the social fire?
His steps, alas! are fated still to roam.

In this drear season of distress and woe,
 O may the Sons of Opulence and Ease,
 Of Pity feel the animating glow,
 Nor suffer Avarice their souls to freeze.

May they, where'er the Child of Want is seen,
 Dispense their warm benevolence around;
 The hapless Suff'r'r from Misfortune screen,
 Nor to a narrow sphere their mercies bound:

And not to th' wand'ring wretch their gifts confine,
 But the sad roofs of silent Woe explore;
 Where modest Mourners secretly repine,
 And, unsoliciting, their wants deplore.

Then shall the Orphan's and the Widow's pray'r,
 Be rais'd to Heav'n, for blessings on their views:
 Their faults, obscur'd by Charity's bright glare,
 Humanity and Candour will excuse.

JUSTICE OF SULTAN MAMOOD.

A PERSON one day thrusting himself into the presence of the King, called loudly for justice. The King ordered him to explain his complaint, which he thus did: That unfortunately having a handsome wife, the King's nephew had conceived a passion for her, and came to his house every

every night with armed attendants, beating him, and turning him into the street, till he had gratified his adulterous passion; that he had frequently complained to those who ought to have done him justice, but that the rank of the Adulterer had shut their ears against him.

The King, upon hearing this, was so much enraged, that tears of resentment and compassion started from his eyes: he reprimanded the poor man for not making sooner known his complaint to him. The man replied, that he often attempted it, but could not gain admittance. He was then commanded by the King to return to his house, and to give him notice the first time his Nephew was guilty of the like violence; charging those who were present, upon pain of death, to let nothing of this complaint transpire; and ordering him to be admitted at any hour. Accordingly the man returned to his house; and upon the third night following, the King's Nephew, as usual, came, and having whipped the husband severely, turned him into the street. The poor man hastened to the King, but the Captain of the Guards would not give him admittance; saying, that his Majesty was in the Haram. The man immediately began to make a violent outcry; so that the porter fearing that the Court might be disturbed, and that

the

the noise might reach the King, he was under the necessity to conduct him to the Eunuchs of the Bedchamber, who immediately acquainted the Sultan with the affair. The King immediately followed the man to his house:—He found his Nephew and the man's wife sleeping together in one bed, with a candle standing on the carpet near them. The Sultan, extinguishing the candle, drew his dagger, and severed his Nephew's head from his body;—then commanded the man to light the candle: He called out for some water, and having taken a deep draught, he told him he might now go and sleep with safety, if he could trust his own wife.

The poor man fell down at the Sultan's feet, in gratitude to his justice and condescension; but begged he might tell him why he put out the candle, and afterwards called out so vehemently for water. The King replied, that he put out the candle that pity might not arrest his hand in the execution of justice, on a youth whom he tenderly loved; and that he had made a vow to God, when he first heard his complaint, that he would neither eat nor drink till he had brought the criminal to justice, in so much that he was upon the point of dying of thirst.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF JOSHUA BARNES.

THIS learned Divine was professor of the Greek Language at Cambridge, and born in London the 10th of January, 1654. He distinguished himself very early by his knowledge of the Greek, and by some poems in Latin and English, written before he went to the University.— In the year 1700, Mrs. Mason, of Hemmingford, near St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, a widow Lady between forty and fifty, with a jointure of £200 per annum, who had for some time been a great admirer of him, came to Cambridge. She desired leave to settle a hundred pounds a year upon him after her death; he politely refused this request, unless she would likewise condescend to make him happy with her person, which was not very engaging. The Lady was too obliging to refuse any thing to Joshua, “ for whom, (she said) the sun stood still,” and soon afterwards married him.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE Princess of Prussia having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which pay a high duty
at

at Stetin, the place of her residence, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandise, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King having read the memorial, answered it as follows:

“ The loss of the duties belongs to my account. The Silks are to remain in the possession of the Princess. The Cuffs with him that received them. As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant; but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a Custom-house officer.

(Signed)

FREDERICK.”

Berlin, Nov. 30, 1778.

AN

A N E S S A Y

On the Proper Method of bearing Misfortunes.

DISSIPATION of mind, and length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions. But the first of these works is temporary, the second a slow effect; and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves, that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly to imagine that the disease is cured, because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain? Or shall we expect from Time, the Physician of Brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquility which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us set all our past and present afflictions before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, not wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision-knife, and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

The recalling of former misfortunes serves to fortify the mind against later. He must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who sur-

veys a body seamed over with scars of many, and who has come victorious out of all the conflicts wherein he received them. Let sighs, and tears, and fainting under the lightest adverse fortune, be the portion of those unhappy people, whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated; while such as have passed through years of calamity, bear up, with a noble and immovable constancy, against the heaviest. Uninterrupted misery has this good effect, as it continually torments, it finally hardens.

Such is the language of philosophy; and happy is the man that acquires the right holding of it. But this right is not to be acquired by pathetic discourse. Our conduct alone can give it us; and therefore, instead of presuming in our own strength, the surest method is to confess our weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply ourselves to the study of wisdom. This was the advice which the oracle gave to Zeno, and there is no other way of securing our tranquility, amidst all the accidents to which human life is exposed. Philosophy has her *thrasos* as well as war; and among her sons, many there have been, who, while they aimed at being more than men, became something less: The means of preventing this danger is easy and sure; it is a good rule to examine well before

we addict ourselves to any sect; but I think it a better rule to addict ourselves to none. Let us hear them all with a perfect indifference on which side the truth lies; and, when we come to determine, let nothing appear so venerable to us as our own understandings. Let us gratefully accept the help of every one who has endeavoured to correct the vices, and strengthen the minds of men; but let us chuse for ourselves, and yield universal assent to none. Thus, that I may instance the sect already mentioned; when we have laid aside the wonderful and surprizing sentences, and all the paradoxes of the portico, we shall find in that school, such doctrines as our unprejudiced reason submits to with pleasure, as nature dictates, and as experience confirms. Without this precaution, we run the risque of becoming imaginary kings and real slaves. With it, we may learn to assert our native freedom, and live independent on fortune.

In order to which great end, it is necessary that we stand watchful as centinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddes, before they reach us;—where she falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to resist; but those who wait for her, will repel her with ease. The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are

not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and fiercest onset. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he that has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both those states: And, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN.

ALATELY deceased Dutch merchant, well known on the 'Change at Amsterdam, who had acquired a competency by his commercial dealings, retired from the bustle and hurry of a commercial life, thinking he had as much money as, by a moderate computation, would keep him

so

so many years. He locked up the cash, and expended every year just so much as he had intended, and never troubled his head about consequences. The calculation seemed to have been made rather near, as he was obliged to part with his cloaths and moveables to help out.—These, however, he managed frugally, and when he came to die, a pair of slippers were left. He ordered the figure of them to be cut in stone, and placed over his grave, with two Dutch words under them, which, in our language, signify “*JUST ENOUGH.*”

W O M E N O F F A S H I O N,

Of the last and present Age.

BEFORE Parisian refinement had invaded and conquered this country, an English Lady was deemed one of the purest and most beautiful works of heaven. The emanations of a mind untainted by vice and folly, illuminated all her actions, and the lustre of virtue was considered the brightest ornament that her ambition could possess. Her conversation modestly checked by an humble conception of her own abilities, stamped with consequence and with pleasure, whatever fell from her lips, and was always certain of conquest, without knowing the triumph she had gained. Her countenance,

countenance, untutored in the practice of smiling or frowning, by the rules of fashion, was wholly under the direction of *nature*, and never was known to display a feeling hypocritical to truth. When her eyes glistened with joy, the offspring of delight confessed its parent in her bosom; and when the tears of sorrow bedewed her cheeks, the heart panted for every particle of the stream it supplied. If her lips wore the blushes of the rose, and her breasts vied with the whiteness of the lily, she stood not indebted to human imitation, but owed her charms to the divine origin of beauty. When a maid, she was sought in marriage, and when her choice was fixed, and her hand bestowed, her family became endowed with every blessing which providence could give, and happiness established its throne in all her household. Thus accomplishing whatever could be attained in this world, she journeyed on to the verge of the next, without regretting the time past, or dreading that which was to come.

WOMEN OF THE PRESENT AGE.

REFINED by art, women have lost the most beautiful attraction. The mind, tutored from its infancy to despise the works of nature, and

and to admire the copy in preference to the original, becomes fond of variety, even before it has attained the proper powers of distinction. Thus entering the circle of fashion with a predilection for whatever is the whim of the day, the fair sex have embibed the habit of transforming themselves into such a variety of distorted shapes, that the fashionable world may truly be called a Proteus. The face which heaven gave, is considered unfinished, and the hand of the *created* attempts to mend the works of its *Creator*. Dissipation having weakened virility, pale sickness is an hereditary attendant in most of our distinguished families, where the lineaments of a broken constitution are visible, even through the thick mist of paint and powder. Instead, however, of attempting to call back the strong rosy health of their forefathers, we perceive a kind of ambition in the present race, totally to efface every remaining particle of it. To day the ladies are naked almost to the waist; —to-morrow they are muffled up to the chin. One day stays destroy the shape, and prevent the operations of nature; —the next day, the body is screwed up as tight as possible. In short, the variety of dress, bespeaks the instability of the mind; and the mask that is worn on the face, is but a type of the hypocrisy established in the heart. When a woman enters a room, where most of the

company

company are strangers, she smiles and simpers as if her bosom wished to convey delight to all around her, and plays off her countenance with a dexterity, only to be attained by habitual practice.—Then, after a view of the whole, and a stare at a few, without tasting the smallest degree of friendship, she puts on a semblance of sorrow at being elsewhere engaged, and departs just with as little ceremony as she entered, either envied, pitied, or abused by those she left behind. As to domestic felicity, that is wholly laid aside as a vulgar pleasure, unworthy the woman of fashion;—her husband is either a cypher or a tyrant.—In one case his bed,—in the other, hers is abused. The children as soon as born, are put out of sight, and they seldom after become one of the family, until their affections are gone to another quarter. The Mother, instead of Prattling with her young one, and feeding it with the milk of her bosom at home, is nursing a sharper at a card table, or intriguing with a coxcomb at the opera. Thus mistaking the road to happiness, they get into the path of misery, and seldom find their error until it is too late in the day to get back.



IMPUDENCE and MODESTY, AN ALLEGORY.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence: And, in that society, sent them upon the earth. But, though he thought he had matched them with great Judgment, and said that Confidence was the natural companion of virtue, and that vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whether it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time, which delay was very displeasing to confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed, and

F separated.

separated. As folly saw a very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who with her doubts and scruples always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who did not love to hear of difficulties and delay, and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last, chance had led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the Lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartment, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to the landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly.

They

They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation of Poverty, one of the tenants; and, entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion on her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty.

As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel than example, degenerated so far, by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence.

Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual desertions, are led into strange mistakes by those means; and wherever they see Impudence, suppose his companions are Virtue and Wisdom; and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

A MODERN TALE.

ALI, a young Persian Prince, was distinguished from his boyish days for the vivacity of his manners, and a desire of knowledge. On his arrival at maturity he could no longer repress his inclination for travel. After much solicitation, he at length obtained permission of his father to pass a few months in surveying the countries, and acquainting himself with the customs and manners of Europe. Having, by the assistance of an English trader, who had found means to establish himself at his father's Court, acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, he determined that should be the first country he visited. They embarked, and, after an agreeable voyage, the Prince and his faithful Englishman arrived in safety in the Thames. They immediately waited on the merchant to whom the Prince's remittances were made, and where received with an hospitality, of which there are still some traces left; but which was once the brightest characteristic of an Englishman. It was the day before their annual feast, on their chief magistrate's entering into office. The merchant presented Ali and his Friend with tickets; and provided them apartments in his own house.

After dinner, the Prince and Lawson (for so was his companion called) set out on a ramble. When
they

they were tired of walking, they entered into a house of public entertainment, to refresh themselves, and were shown into a room where a dozen respectable looking people were seated, enjoying themselves with their pipes. The entrance of the strangers did not interrupt their conversation.— One of them was haranguing on the present deplorable state of the nation; and drew so lamentable a picture of poverty, weakness, and impending ruin, as brought tears into the eyes of the tender Ali. We shall see none of the magnificence of Persia to-morrow, said Ali to himself; these are a sensible people, and as their finances are in so deplorable a situation, are too wise to add to its distress by unnecessary and useless expence. The daily papers were lying by.—The first thing that struck the eye of Ali, were numerous advertisements of public diversions;—these, I suppose, (thought the Prince) are given by the Monarch; for it is impossible the people, labouring under such a load of misery, can afford to support them. Ali would not trouble his friend with questions; time and attention, said he, will clear all my doubts. They set out, and soon after entered another public room, where the ears of Ali were again assailed with the distresses of the nation.

The morrow came, and Ali was conducted to the Hall of Justice, where the Feast was to be held. On entering the room, he started back with astonishment! Can it be possible, said he to himself, can this be the feast of merchants, of people who are in a state of ruin and bankruptcy? He had no time for further reflection. A young man entered covered with mud. Ali imagined he had fallen down, and wondered why he had not gone into some house to clean himself; but he was petrified with surprise when a fat-paunched citizen, who was next him, and whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with pleasure at the sight, informed him, that that there boy was prime minister, and had been well pelted by the mob as he was coming to dinner. "Merciful prophet! (cried Ali) what savages am I among; where they invite a man to dine with them, and yet suffer his coming to be impeded, and his life endangered, by their own people! When my father invites any of the neighbouring Kings, though his declared rivals and enemies, to visit him, he not only performs the rights of hospitality in his own state, but orders a sufficient guard to defend them from the Arabs in the desart, which lies between their kingdoms and his.—But pray, Sir, (said Ali, addressing the citizen) what enormous crime has he committed, to provoke this treatment?"

He has influenced

fluenced the Representatives of the people to pass a very oppressive and partial tax,' replied the citizen. "Has he been applied to, again demanded the Prince, to repeal this injurious burthen." 'There has been no opportunity, answered the other; the Assembly has not yet met since the passing of the act; and it is a Parliamentary rule, never to make and repeal the same act in the same session.' "Heavens! (exclaimed Ali) still more savage to attack a man without knowing whether he has seen his error, and is willing to retract it; certainly the Minister of England is expected to be possessed of infallibility. It was from the class of people, then, on whom this tax has been oppressive, he has received this insult?" The citizen eyed the Prince with a look of contempt, and walked off, exclaiming 'No, no, young man, it was from the mob.'

"You are at a loss, I see, my dear Prince, (said Lawson) to understand the meaning of a mob; I will endeavour to explain it to you:—There are in this country, as in all others, two parties; those in power, and those endeavouring to get their places. In your father's Court, a Minister is displaced by the secret machinations of his enemies, without either public clamour or disturbance; and unless a Minister is the blackest and most despica-

ble

ble of tyrants, the lowest class are little concerned who is in or who is not; while here, what is called the mob, that is, a collection of the vilest and most infamous class of human beings, are the principal tools of an opposition. You will soon find, that in this nation every man is a politician, and you have nothing to do but to tell these men, who have not one penny of property, and whose laborious life is ever the same, that their liberties and properties are in danger, to set them in a flame, and work them up to mischief and destruction. The approaching ruin of the nation, the deplorable state of their commerce and finances, the folly and ignorance of their minister, is for ever founded forth by every lover of confusion, and every needy, interested, or party scribbler. The present Minister, who, from what I can collect, even from the opposite party themselves, has, by his wise conduct since he has been in place, increased the revenues of the country, and filled the treasury, is now the object of their clamour.” “ Let him be to-morrow displaced, and the man of the people put in his office, do you imagine all would be content and peace?” “ No, my dear Ali, the moment themselves have placed their favourite in his seat, that moment he will become the object of their aversion and clamour. Opposition is as necessary to this people as for yours to be

be attached to the religion and customs of their ancestors. A new candidate is raised for popularity; they flock to his standard, and every measure of the new Minister is attacked in the same manner as those of his predecessors. Would you acquire popularity, would you gain the applause and shouts of the multitude, would you wish your name to be mentioned with huzzas, and your health drunk in every porter-house of the metropolis, you will not gain these ends by taking on you the laborious offices of state, by wasting your hours in concerting plans for the public good; no, my dear Prince, attach yourself to the opposition, abuse the Minister, rail even Majesty itself, and risque your ears in the pillory, by seditious and inflammatory discourses. Should you have abilities sufficient to call forth the indignation of government, your business is done; you are considered as the champion of liberty, and the devoted martyr of the public. They will raise you to the highest offices of the city, till government, finding opposition but increases your consequence, either ceases to notice you, or buys your silence with pensions, or title. You then, my dear Prince, may laugh at those to whom you owe your fortune, and give place to some new patriot to follow your steps and success. I can show you living

proof of what I assert." "Gracious powers (cried the Prince) I no longer wonder at this people's success; if Heaven, as our holy Prophet teaches, has a particular care for madmen, this nation must certainly claim his protection!"

ANECDOTE of ADMIRAL BLAKE.

MR. BLAKE, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement, that one of his ships blew up, which damped the spirits of his people very much; but Blake, who was not easily daunted by ill success, called out to his men, " Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This well timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire, " There, my lads, says he, I knew we should have our revenge soon."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

M. De Tourville, a French Admiral, in the beginning of King William's reign, meditated a descent on the English coast; and as his intention was to land somewhere in Sussex, he sent for a fisherman, a native of that county, who had been taken prisoner by one of his ships, in hopes of gaining some useful intelligence concerning the state of the government. He asked the fisherman, to whom his countrymen were most attached, to King James, or to the Prince of Orange, stiled King William? The poor man, confounded by these questions, made the Admiral this reply: "I have never heard talk of the gentlemen you mention; they may be very good Lords for any thing I know; they never did me any harm, and so God bless them both.—As for the Government, how should I know any thing about it, since I can neither read nor write? All I have to do, is to take care of my boat and my nets, and sell my fish." "Since then you are indifferent to both parties, (resumed the Admiral) and are a good mariner, you can have no objection to serve on board my ship." "I fight against my country!" answered the fisherman with great vivacity; "no, not for the ransom of a King."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF

SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

A Widow lady, aged about Sixty-two, who lodged in a two-pair-of-stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day in her devotions, before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighbouring church. Some villains, observing her extreme bigotry, resolved (as she was known to be very rich) to share her wealth: Therefore one of them took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and when no person but the old lady was in church, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near her, supposed it came by a miracle; which she was the more confirmed in, when she saw it was signed Paul the Apostle; and purported, "The satisfaction he received by her addressing her prayers to him, at a time when so many new canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of great part of their wonted adoration: and, to shew his regard for his devotee, said, he would come from Heaven, with the angel Gabriel, to sup with her, at eight in the evening." It is scarce credible to think any one should be deceived

ceived by so gross a fraud; but to what length of credulity will not superstition carry the weak mind? — The infatuated lady believed it all; and rose from her knees in a transport, to prepare the entertainment for the Heavenly Guests she expected.

When the supper was bespoke, and the side-board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate (which was worth near 400l. sterling) did not make so elegant a shew as she desired; therefore sent to her brother, (who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris) to borrow all his plate; but charged the maid not to tell the occasion, but only, that she had company to supper, and should be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for that evening. The Counsellor was surprized at the message; and, as he knew the frugality of his Sister's way of life, suspected that she was enamoured with some fortune hunter, who might marry her for her fortune, and thereby deprive his family of what he expected at his Sister's death; therefore he absolutely refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests she expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, replied, " that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but that St. Paul had sent her a letter from Heaven, that he

and

and the Angel Gabriel would come to supper with her; and that her mistress wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible." The Counsellor, who knew the turn of his Sister's mind, immediately suspected some villains had imposed on her: and sent the maid directly with the plate, while he went to the Commissary of the Quarter, and gave him this information. The magistrate went with him to an house adjoining, from whence they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man, in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to the widow's apartment. The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Foot Guet (the Guards of Paris) to post themselves on the stairs, while he himself knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The old lady replied, that she had company, and could speak to nobody.—But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel, how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The Divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door; when the Commissary, her Brother, and the Guet, rushing in, presented their muskets, and

and seized her guests, whom they immediately carried to the Chatelet.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the feigned Angel. Three days after their trial came on, when, in their defence, they pleaded, that one was a soldier of the French Foot Guards, and the other a barber's apprentice, and that they had no other evil design but to procure a good supper for themselves, at the expence of the widow's folly; that it being Carnival time, they had borrowed the above dresses; that the soldier had found the cords, and put them in his pocket; the razor was to shave himself with, and the pistol was to defend himself from any insults so strange a habit might expose him to in going home. The barber's apprentice said, his design also was only diversion; and that as his master was a tooth drawer, the gag was what they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, were of some avail to them, and as they had not manifested an evil design by an overt act, they were acquitted. But the Counsellor, who had foreseen what would happen, through the insufficiency of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner were they discharged from the civil power, but the apparitor of the

Archbishop

Archbishop of Paris seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical Prison, and in three days more they were tried, and convicted of “a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of an holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion.” Therefore they were condemned to be publickly whipt, burnt on the shoulder by an hot iron, with the letters G. A. L. and sent to the gallies for fourteen years.

The sentence was executed on them the next day, on a scaffold in the Place de Greve, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators; many of whom condemned the superstition of the lady, when perhaps they would have had the same on a like occasion; since it may be supposed, that if many of their stories of apparitions of saints and angels had been judicially examined, they would have been found to be like to the above,—a gross fraud; or else, the dreams of an over-heated enthusiastic brain.

A DANISH ANECDOTE.

IN the great church as Roskild is shewn a large whetstone, which was, they tell us, sent to the celebrated

celebrated Queen Margaret, by Albert, King of Sweden, in derision, intimating thereby that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor, was better answered by *her*. Her reply was, that she would apply it to the edges of her soldiers swords, and she was as good as her word; she fought him in a pitched battle, gave him an entire overthrow, and made him prisoner. In that situation she left him seven years, and did not then release him but upon very hard conditions.

ANECDOTE OF A MARINER, IN THE LAST WAR.

ON the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Loyalist, of 22 guns, then in the Chesapeake, became a party in that disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet.—Of that fleet, the Ardent, captured off Plymouth, made one, but was then in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the Carpenter of the Loyalist was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the nature of the chain pump, of which the French are ignorant, ordered him on board the Ville de Paris, and ad-

H

dressed

dressed him thus: "Sir, you are to go on board the Ardent directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy:—To this I pledge my honour; on refusal, you will, during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only." The Tar, surprized at being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, "Noble Count, I am your prisoner—it is in your power to compel me—but let it never be said, that a British Sailor forgot his duty to his King and his country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." We are sorry to add, that he was treated with extreme severity by the French, in consequence of this behaviour. On his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the Sybil, which appointment the Board of Admiralty were pleased to confirm. The above is an undoubted fact.



S H O O T I N G,
A POEM.

THE night recedes, and mild Aurora now
Waves her grey banner on the eastern brow:
Light float the misty vapours o'er the sky,
And dim the blaze of Phœbus' gayish eye;
The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
And curls the crystal surface of the lake;
Th' expectant sportsmen, urg'd by anxious haste,
Snatch the refreshment of a short repast,
Their weapons seize, their pointers call around,
And sally forth impatient to the ground.

Here, where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
And the thick stubble clothes the rufset lawn,
Begin the sport.—Eager, and unconfin'd,
As when stern Æolus unchains the wind,
The active pointer, from his thong unbound,
Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
Yet, 'midst his ardor, still his master fears,
And the restraining whistle careful hears.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
Now sudden wheel, and now attentive seize,
The known advantage of th' opposing breeze.—

At once they stop!—yon careful dog descries
 Where close and near the lurking covey lies;
 His caution mark, left e'en a breath betray
 Th' impending danger to his timid prey;
 In various attitudes around him stand,
 Silent and motionless, th' attending band.

Now by the glowing cheek, and heaving breast,
 Is Expectation's sanguine wish express'd.—
 Ah, curb your headlong ardor! nor refuse
 Patient to hear the precepts of the Muse.
 Sooner shall noisy heat, in rash dispute,
 The reasoning calm of placid sense confute;
 Sooner the headlong rout's misguided rage,
 With the firm Phalanx equal combat wage,
 Than the warm youth, whom anxious hopes in-
 flame,

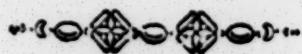
Pursue the fleeting mark with steady aim.
 By temperate thought your glowing passions cool,
 And bow the swelling heart to Reason's rule;
 Else when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
 Alarms your startled ear, and dazzled eyes,
 Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
 Your random bolts shall waste their force in air.

They rise! they rise! Ah yet your fire restrain,
 Till the 'maz'd birds securer distance gain;
 For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
 Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood:

But

But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
 Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,
 And at the length where frequent trials shew,
 Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow;
 Draw quick!—yet steady care with quickness join,
 Let the shock'd barrel deviate from the line;
 So shall success your ardent wishes pay,
 And sure destruction wait the flying prey.

As glory more than gain allures the brave
 To dare the combat loud, and louder wave ;
 So the ambition of the Sportsman lies
 More in the certain shot than bleeding prize.
 While poachers, mindful of the festal hour,
 Among the covey random slaughter pour;
 And, as their numbers press the crimson'd ground,
 Regardless reck not of the secret wound,
 Which borne away, the wretched victims lie,
 'Mid silent shades, to languish and to die.
 O let your breast such selfish views disclaim,
 And scorn the triumph of a casual aim:
 Not urg'd by rapine, but of honour proud,
 One object single from the scatt'ring crowd:
 So, when you see the destin'd quarry down,
 Shall just applause your skilful labour crown.



ANECDOTE.

A N E C D O T E.

DR. SCHMIDT, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, couched in the following terms:—"Sire, I acquaint your Majesty, First.—That there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal family. I acquaint your Majesty, Second.—That there wants wood to warm the Royal Seats. I acquaint your Majesty, Third—That the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT, Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The King, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer:—"I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, First.—That those who want to sing, may buy books. Second.—I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm, must buy wood. Third.—I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river; and I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, Fourth.—That I will not have any more correspondence with him."

A U T H E N T I C A N E C D O T E

OF THE LATE

SIR WALTER BLACKETT.

THE unbounded generosity of this worthy man was remarkable on all occasions, of which

which the following is but a slight instance:—He was remarkably fond of shooting, and in a excursion of that kind, being alone, on a moor adjoining to Weerdale, he happened to arrive at the cottage of a poor shepherd, who, though unknown to him, was his tenant. To a visitor of Sir Walter's appearance, the poor cottager brought out the best his frugal board afforded: During his stay, Sir Walter took occasion to enquire to whom the house belong'd; To one of the best men in the world, (replies the cottager) to Sir Walter Blackett, Sir; no doubt you have heared of him; but these knavish stewards, for these three years past have advanced my rent to almost double the value of the little tenement I occupy;—I wish I could have the honour to see my worthy landlord; (for I am told any person may speak to him) I would acquaint him with my ill usage." Sir Walter smiled, but did not discover himself. On departing he presented the cottager's wife with a sum of Money, and soon after ordered his house to be rebuilt, and a considerable abatement to be made in the rent.



The

*The folly of bringing up Children
TO A LEARNED PROFESSION,*

WITHOUT THE PROBABILITY

Of providing them with a Competency.

THAT admiration is the effect of ignorance, is a truth universally confessed; and nothing so forcibly excites the wonder of the illiterate Plebeian, as the character of profound erudition.

Dazzled by the splendor of literary honours, many an honest parent has prevented his son from acquiring a fortune behind the counter, to see him starve in a pulpit.

These reflections were occasioned by meeting an old friend at a coffee-house, one evening last week. His looks were meagre, his dress shabby, and he sufficiently apologized for the rustiness of his coat, by the following narrative :

“ My father,” said he, after some preliminary conversation, “ was a shoemaker of tolerable business in London; a very honest man, and very much given to reading godly books, whenever he could steal a moment from the lapstone and the last. As I was the only child, he took great delight in me, and used frequently to say, that he hoped in time to see me Archbishop of Canterbury,

“ terbury, and no such great matters neither; for
 “ as to my parentage, I was as good as many a
 “ one that had worn a mitre; and he would make
 “ me as good a *scholard* too, or it should go hard
 “ with him.”

“ My destination to the church was thus unalterably fixed before I was five years old; and
 “ in consequence of it, I was put to a grammar-school in the city, whence, after a thousand perils of the cane, and perils of the rod, I went to
 “ the University on an exhibition of fifteen pounds
 “ a year, which my father obtained from one of
 “ the city companies, with no small difficulty. So
 “ scanty an allowance would by no means defray
 “ the enormous expence of university education;
 “ and my father, whose pride would not let me
 “ appear meaner than my companions, very readily agreed to pay me forty pounds out of the
 “ yearly profits of his trade, and to debar himself
 “ many innocent gratifications, in order to accomplish in me the grand object of all his ambition.”

“ In consequence of my father’s desire, that I should compleat the full term of academical education, I did not go into orders ’till I was of seven years standing, and had taken the degree of Master of Arts. I was therfore incapable

" of receiving any pecuniary emoluments from my
 " studies, till I was six and twenty. Then, how-
 " ever, I was resolv'd to make a bold push, and
 " to free my father from the burthen of support-
 " ing me with half the profits of his labours. The
 " old man was eager that I should attempt to get
 " some kind of preferment; not, as he would
 " generously say, that he wanted to withdraw his
 " assistance, but that he thought it was high time
 " to begin to look up at the Bishoprick."

" I hastened to London as the most ample field
 " for the display of my abilities, and the acqui-
 " sition of money and fame. Soon after my arrival
 " I heard of a vacant Lectureship; and though I
 " was an entire stranger to every one of the pa-
 " rishioners, I resolved to trust my cause to ho-
 " nest endeavors, and a sedulous canvass. I shall
 " not trouble you with an enumeration of the se-
 " veral indignities I suffered, (for I had not lost
 " my university pride) from being under the ne-
 " cessity to address, with the most abject suppli-
 " cations, chandlers, barbers, and green-grocers.
 " Suffice it to acquaint you, that myself, and ano-
 " ther young clergyman of regular education, ap-
 " peared, on the day of election, to have but se-
 " venteen votes between us; and that a methodis-
 " tical enthusiast, who had once been a carpenter,
 " bore

“ bore away the prize with a majority of a hundred and twenty.”

“ Though disappointed, I was not dejected; and I applied to a certain Rector for his Curacy, the duty of which consisted in prayers twice a day, a sermon on Sundays, and innumerable burials, christenings, and weddings. I thought myself happy, however, in being offered forty guineas a year, without surplus, or surplice fees; but how was I chagrined, on being told by the Rector, on the very first Sunday I went to officiate, that I need not trouble myself as another gentleman had undertaken the whole duty at forty pounds.

“ I waited now a considerable time in expectation that something would fall; but heard of nothing in which there was the least probability of success, unsupported, as I was by friends, and unknown to fame. At last, I was informed by an acquaintance that a certain Clergyman in the city was about to resign his Lectureship, and that he would probably resign in my favour, if I were early enough in my application. I made all the haste I possibly could to reach this gentleman before his resignation; and found very little difficulty in persuading him to in-

" tercede in my favour. In short, his endeavours,
 " joined to my own, secured the Lectureship, and
 " I was unanimously chosen. The electors, how-
 " ever, expressed a desire, that I would quit my
 " place of residence which was at a distance and
 " live in the parish. To this request I consented,
 " and immediately fixed myself in a decent family,
 " where I lodged and boarded for fifty pounds a
 " year; and as I was not so ambitious as my
 " father, I congratulated myself on the happy
 " event, and sat down contented and satisfied. But
 " alas! how was I confounded, when my collectors
 " brought the annual contribution, to find it
 " amount to no more than an exact sum of twenty
 " one pounds two shillings and three-pence three-
 " farthings! I was under an immediate necessity
 " of discharging my lodging, resigning my prefer-
 " ment, and quietly decamping with the loss of no
 " inconsiderable sum.

" Thus, Sir," said he, " have I now for these
 " twenty years been tossed about in the world,
 " without any fixed residence, and without any
 " certain prospect of my bread. I must not how-
 " ever complain, as I am well assured there are
 " many in the metropolis in situations very similar
 " to mine. Yet sometimes, I own, I cannot help
 " being foolish enough to imagine, that I might,
 " perhaps

“ perhaps, have been happier, and I am sure I
 “ could have been richer, had I been brought up
 “ to my paternal awl and last. My poor father
 “ died about two years ago, and I have reason to
 “ think, his disappointment and sorrow for my ill
 “ success hastened his dissolution.”

“ I now support myself tolerably well in the ca-
 “ pacity of, what the world ludicrously calls, a
 “ *Hackney Parson*. And though I do not get
 “ quite so much as a journeyman shoemaker, I
 “ make shift to keep soul and body together; and
 “ I thank God for that. If, Sir, you could re-
 “ commend me, here is my address, up four pair
 “ of stairs.”—

He was proceeding, but he had too powerfully excited my sympathy; and after consoling him to the best of my power, I took my leave of him, not without severe reflections on those parents, who, to indulge a childish vanity, bring up their offspring to misery and want.



AN ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE
E A R L o f R O S S,
 Of the Kingdom of Ireland.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beaumonde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach and having fifty thousand faults invented to compleat the number of those he had: Nay, some asserted that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: But what wo'n't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to Death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Mad-
 den

den, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e.—He likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, info-
much

much, that when he was married to Lady M—y O—n, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprize and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of.—He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received.—Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be, but, withal, observed that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner; “ Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is base and infamous?”—“ You, my Lord!” said the Bishop, “ every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue.” “ Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?” “ Surely,” answered his Grace, “ no man in his right senses, that knew your Lordship, would

would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship, will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant; and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing.

The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter: The Dean answered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean," returned the prelate, "I always thought you a man of sense and prudence; but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men:—To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: Besides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to

K

retract

retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." " My Lord," answered the Dean, " I never think, act, or write any thing for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer, patiently, the severest penalties in justification of it." And so saying the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two Noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home, and sent for a Prosecutor, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. " Ask his pardon," said the Dean, " why the man is dead." " Lord K——e dead! " No, Lord Ross." " Good God!" said the Archbishop, " did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord K——e?" " No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Ross, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified;

fied; and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Ross died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE MAURICE.

PRINCE MAURICE of Nassau, of immortal memory, governor of the Dutch Brazils, having one day many officers at his table, and being in a very good humour, called for a glass of wine, and pledging one of his captains, said, “Here's to you, soldier!” The captain started, and replied, “My Prince, you mistake; I am one of your captains, not a soldier.” The Prince hereupon took a second glass, and said, “Here's to you, captain, who are no soldier!” The company remarked the poignancy of the reply, and the captain was abashed. This magnanimous Prince and soldier was, on account of some suspicions of his conduct, recalled by his sovereign, and went into the service of the Elector of Brandenburg, who created him governor of all the provinces in Westphalia.

ANECDOTE

K 2

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.
KING of FRANCE.

MESSIEURS de Saint Agnan and Dangeau had persuaded the King he could write verses as well as another. Louis made the experiment, and composed a madrigal, which he himself did not think very good. One morning he said to the Marshal de Grammont, "Read this, Marshal, and tell me if ever you saw any thing so bad; finding I have lately addicted myself to poetry, they bring me any trash." The Marshal having read, answered, "Your Majesty is a most excellent judge in all matters of taste, for, I think I never read any thing so stupid or so ridiculous." The King laughed, "Do not you think he must be a very silly fellow who composed it?" "It is not possible to call him any thing else," said Grammont. "I am delighted," said the King, "to hear you speak your sentiments so freely and frankly, for I wrote it myself." Every body present laughed at the Marshal's confusion, as it certainly was as malicious a trick as could possibly be played on an old courtier.



The

The Honourable ROBERT BOYLE,

The most exact searcher into the Works of Nature, that any age has known, and who saw atheism and infidelity beginning to shew themselves in the loose and voluptuous reign of King Charles the Second, pursued his philosophical enquiries with religious views, to establish the minds of men in a firm belief, and thorough sense of the infinite power and wisdom of the great Creator.

THIS account we have from Dr. BURNET, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who says, ‘ It appeared from those who conversed with him on his enquiries into nature, ‘ that his main design in that (on which as he had ‘ his own eye constantly, so he took care to put ‘ others often in mind of it) was to raise in himself ‘ and others, vaster thoughts of the greatness and ‘ glory, and of the wisdom and goodness of God.’ This was so deep in his thoughts, that he concludes the article of his will, which relates to the Royal Society, in these words: ‘ Wishing them a happy ‘ success in their attempts to discover the true na- ‘ ture of the works of God; and praying that they ‘ and all other searchers into physical truths, may ‘ cordially refer their attainments, to the glory of ‘ the great Author of Nature, and to the comfort ‘ of mankind.’

In

In another place the same person speaks of him thus: 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth, that I ever observed in any man. The very name of God, was never mentioned by him, without a pause and visible stop in his discourse.'

Of the strictness and exemplariness of the whole course of his life, he says: 'I might here challenge the whole tribe of libertines to come and view the usefulness, as well as the excellence, of the Christian Religion, in a life that was entirely dedicated to it.'

The veneration he had for the holy scriptures appears, not only from his studying them with great attention, and exhorting others to do the same, but more particularly, from a distinct treatise which he wrote, on purpose to defend the scripture style, and to answer all the objections which profane and irreligious persons have made against it. And his zeal in propagating Christianity in the world, appears by many and large benefactions to that end.



A N O B L E
INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY,
 RECORDED BY PLUTARCH.

A SLAVE, having determined the death of his master, entered his chamber to execute his purpose at a time when others were with him. The intent was as evident as the mistake: the master enquired the cause of his resolution, and owned it was a just one: instead of ordering him to the tortures, he gave him his liberty; and he found him, to the latest hour of his life, the most affectionate of his friends.

The Affecling History of
L U C Y M I R A N D A.

IN the year 1539, Gabot, the Governor of the fort of the Holy Ghost, in Paraguay, having occasion to embark for Spain, appointed Nunez de Lara to succeed him in his absence; but left him no more than one hundred and twenty men, with a small quantity of provisions, in a place where the Spaniards had few certain friends, and an immense number of declared enemies.

Lara, on his side, seeing himself surrounded by nations, from whom he could expect no respect but

but in proportion as he could command it, thought the best thing he could do, would be to gain over those nearest to him, which were the Timbuez; and he succeeded pretty well in the attempt. But his success soon proved fatal to him, in a manner he little dreamed of. Mangora, Cacique of the Timbuez, happening, in one of the frequent visits he paid to Lara, to see Lucy Miranda, a Spanish lady, and wife of Sebastian Hurtado, one of the principal officers of the fort, became deeply enamoured with her. It was not long before she perceived it; and knowing what she had to fear from a barbarian, with whom it was so much the Commander's interest to live upon good terms, she did all that lay in her power not to be seen any more by him, and to guard against any violence or surprize. Mangora, on his side, thinking that if he could but get her to his habitation, he might dispose of her as he pleased, often invited Hurtado to come and see him, and bring his wife along with him. But Hurtado as often begged to be excused, alledging, that he could not absent himself from the fort, without the commander's leave; and that he was sure he should never be able to obtain it.

Such an answer as this was enough to let the Cacique see, that to succeed in his designs upon the

the wife, he must first get rid of the husband.— While he was therefore considering ways and means to do it, he got intelligence, that the husband had been detached, with another officer called Ruiz Moschera, and fifty soldiers, to collect provisions. Looking upon this, therefore, as a favourable opportunity, since it not only removed the husband, but weakened the garrison, by which the wife might expect to be protected, he posted four thousand picked men in a marsh in the neighbourhood of the fort, and set out for it, with thirty others loaded with refreshments. On his arrival at the gates of it, he sent word to Lara, that, hearing how much he was in want of provisions, he was come with enough to serve him, till the return of the convoy. Lara received the treacherous Cacique with the greatest demonstrations of gratitude, and insisted upon entertaining him and his followers. This was what Mangora had expected; and he had accordingly given his men instructions how to behave, and appointed signals for those he had posted in the marsh.

The entertainment began with a great deal of cheerfulness on both sides, and lasted till night was far advanced; when, the Spaniards rising to break up, Mangora gave some of his attendants the signal for doing what he had before-hand di-

L

rected;

rected; which was to set fire to the magazines of the fort as soon as the Spaniards should be retired. This was accordingly done, without the Spaniards having the least suspicion of the matter. The officers were scarce composed to rest, when most of them being alarmed by the soldiers crying out fire! fire! and jumping out of bed to extinguish it, the Indians seized the opportunity of dispatching them. The rest were killed in their sleep; and the four thousand men posted in the marsh, having been at the same time let into the fort, it was immediately filled with slaughter and confusion. The Governor, though wounded, having espied the treacherous Cacique, made up to him, and ran him through the body; but being more intent upon satisfying his revenge, than consulting his safety, he continued so long venting his now useless fury on the dead body of his enemy, that the Indians had time to intercept his flight; and immediately dispatched him.

There now remained no living soul in the fort but the unfortunate Miranda, the innocent cause of so bloody a tragedy, four other women, and as many little children, who were all tied and brought before Siripa, brother and successor to the late Cacique. This barbarian, at the sight of Miranda, conceived the same passion for her, that had proved

proved so fatal to his brother; and ordered her to be unbound, relinquishing to his attendants all the other prisoners. He then told her, that she must not consider herself as a slave in his house; and that it would even be her own fault, if she did not become the mistress of it; and that he hoped she had sense enough to prefer, to an indigent forlorn husband, the head of a powerful nation, who would take pleasure in submitting to her, himself, and all his subjects. Miranda might well expect, that, by refusing his offers, she should expose herself, at best, to a perpetual and most cruel slavery; but her virtue got the better of every other consideration. She even gave Siripa the answer she thought was most likely to exasperate him, in hopes his love might change into fury, and a speedy death put her innocence and honour beyond the reach of his brutal inclinations.

But in this she was greatly mistaken. Her refusals served only to increase the esteem Siripa had conceived for her, and heighten his passion, which he still flattered himself he should be at last able to satisfy. He continued, therefore, to treat her with a great deal of lenity, and even shewed her more civility and respect than could be well expected from a barbarian. But his moderation and gentleness

gentleness served only to make her more sensible of the danger she was exposed to.

In the mean time, Hurtado, being returned with his convoy, was greatly surprized to behold nothing but a heap of ashes, where he had left Gabot's tower. The first thing he did was to enquire what was become of his wife; and being informed she was with the Cacique of the Timbuez, he immediately sat out to look for her, without considering what dangers he thereby fruitlessly exposed himself to. Siripa, at the sight of a man who was the sole object of all Miranda's affections, could no longer contain himself, but ordered him to be tied to a tree, and there shot to death with arrows.

His attendants were preparing to obey him, when Miranda, drowned in tears, threw herself at the tyrants feet, to obtain the life of her husband; and, such is the power of a passionate affection, it calmed the violent storm, which it had but a little before excited in the heart of the barbarian. Hurtado was unbound; he was even sometimes permitted to see his wife: But the Cacique, at the same time he thus indulged them, gave them to understand, that they must not, on pain of death, attempt to go any further lengths.

It

It is therefore probable, he only meant this indulgence as a snare to obtain a pretext for recalling the conditional reprieve he had granted Hurtado, who soon supplied him with one. A few days after, Siripa's wife came to inform him, that Miranda was lain down with her husband; the barbarian immediately ran to examine the truth of the report with his own eyes; and, in the first emotion of his passion, more to the satisfaction of his wife's jealousy than his own, he condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the kind death he had but lately escaped. The sentence was immediately executed, and this faithful pair expired in sight of each other: full of sentiments worthy of their virtues.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A GIRL of the Town in Paris found a pocket book in the street, which on inspection she found to contain notes to the amount of 182,000 livres, payable to the bearer.—Struck with the importance of the loss which the owner must sustain, the charming girl carried the pocket-book, with its contents, to M. le Noir, Lieutenant of the Police. The Magistrate, surprized at such an instance of generosity, asked her who she was? She said

said she was of a good family, whom she had disgraced. M. le Noir, delighted with her openness, as well as generosity, took her address. The proprietor of the book lost no time in repairing to the Magistrate to assist him in the recovery of his property. M. le Noir sent for the girl, and presented her and the book together to the gentleman, relating to him, at the same time, her behaviour.—The Gentleman demanded in rapture, what reward she should receive for her generosity and truth? “The enlargement,” replies she, “of three of my unfortunate companions, who are now imprisoned in the house of Salpetriere, for having yielded like myself, by hard necessity, to the prostitution which they abhor.” This new demonstration of virtue, still exalted her in their esteem. Her companions were relieved, and the gentleman farther insisted on her acceptance of a pension of 1200 livres, with which she declared she would settle in some of the provincial convents, as her family would not receive her. Here is a lesson to those prudes who are fond of flandering those unhappy women, and who include in the loss of chastity, every possible vice.



AN ANECDOTE
OF THE
Imprisonment of RICHARD I.
KING OF ENGLAND

A MINSTREL, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world 'till he had discovered the destiny of this Prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany; when talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the inn-keeper, in order to make this discovery, he learnt that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and antient castle, in which there was a prisoner who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provision, questioned and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and the quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him, that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle

cast'e and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country, through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the stair-case and the apartments were black with age, and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them.

Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prisoner, but all in vain. At last when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for he firmly believed it was him, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, "continue and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the King his master, who was confined in this dismal castle. The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known

known to Richard; and informing his Nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their Monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

MATILDA was married very young to a Neapolitan Nobleman of the first Quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day carefssing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna; the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprize, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate these two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This

M

base

base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow; which was only suspended till the General, who presided as Judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came

came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deplored her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Voltturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The General, who was a young man, was struck with surprize at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers.—He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger: he acknowledged her at once his mother and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free; and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united.

ANECDOTE
OF THE
Celebrated NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

MADAME de L'ENCLOS was always much caressed, on account of the charms of her wit, and the happiness of an amiable disposition. Without being the paragon of beauty, she commanded all the respect that is generally paid to it. The sweetness and equality of her character, a probity sincere and natural, a resolute soul, and

a heart as tender as it was faithful, procured her admirers, even when she was far advanced in life. The account which her biographer gives of the Abbot of Gedoyn's attachment to her, is truly singular. This Abbot was presented to her when he was twenty nine years of age, and Ninon approached her eightieth. However, whether it was thought the caprice of love, or an inconceivable enchantment, the Abbot became passionately fond of her, and was so ardent in his solicitations, that Ninon consented to listen to him; but she would not consent to make him happy till the end of a certain period, which she fixed. The time arrived.—He threw himself on his knees, and conjured her in the name of love, to keep the promise she had made. The Abbot soon ceased to solicit. Enchanted with his good fortune, he asked her, why she had suffered him to languish so long? “Alas! my dear Abbot,” replied Ninon, “my tenderness had suffered as much as yours, but it was the effect of a spark of vanity. I was desirous, for the novelty of the case, to wait till I had reached my eightieth year, which I did last night.”



ANECDOTE.

A N E C D O T E.

GARRICK and Hogarth sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think (said Garrick) I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David," said Hogarth, remain as you are for a few minutes."—Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of Tom Jones: But Garrick and Hogarth did not always agree so well.—The latter intreated his friend David at one time to sit for his own picture, with which Garrick complied; but while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face with gradual change, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover the trick until after three or four repetitions. He then got into a violent passion, and would have thrown his palette, pencils, and pound brushes at Garrick's head, if the wag had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

ROYAL

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

ACIRCUMSTANCE occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of our amiable S—n in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks one morning with the H— A——t by his side, he met a farmer's servant travelling to W—— with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the K—— and the P—— were dressed in a style of simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic: Having, through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his cart to rights, the honest fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart.— Each of these offers was of course declined, and they parted; the K—— having previously slipped into his hands a guinea, and the P—— two guineas.

The

The man was thunderstruck; nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached W—. From these it appeared plainly, that it was to the K— and the P— he had been indebted so highly; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the P— should have given two pieces, while the K— gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, presently reached the ears of his M—; and happening, the week following, to meet the same man again, on his way to market, he stopped him and smiled.

“ Well, my friend, (said he) I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met: The son you thought more munificent than the father.—He was so I confess; but remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous. My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my bosom than you possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you.

Of

OF ROMANTIC
 NOTIONS OF FRIENDSHIP:
 OR, THE
HISTORY of AMICUS.

THE ancient notions of Chivalry do not (however preposterous they may seem) exceed the extravagance of our ordinary conceptions of what is called Friendship. Young people carry this to so enthusiastic a height, that even though it springs from a noble source, they ought to be warned against the indulgence of it, as it exposes them, sooner or later, to the artifices of more experienced characters. There can be no objection to an endeavour to obtain *one* valuable friend; but it is much to be feared, if we expect more than one, we shall be bitterly disappointed; at least I was a sad example of this, and I shall commit my story to posterity, that I may at least do what is incumbent upon every man—contribute my mite to the service of my fellow-creatures.

“ I AM one of those mortals who never knew the value of resistance, and could never be master of the language of denial. Acquiescence & civility, were ever my characteristics. I never gave affronts, and I even received them without much acrimony of recrimination. By this negative excellence

cellence I acquired a numerous acquaintance, and imagined myself in very general esteem. To say the truth, I did not doubt, but if it should ever be necessary for me to use their services, I might command them without reserve.

“ In the course of a little time I had occasion to make the trial; for by unexpected failures in business, and other ill strokes of fortune, I was stript of every thing but—*resources of Friendship*.

“ Here follows an accurate journal of my successes in a pecuniary application :

“ I arose early one melancholy morning, and turned my affairs on all sides, to see if, by any new arrangements, I could set all right again. I took a walk into the street of my village where I resided, and tried to shake off my chagrin; but the prospect was too dark for me. “ It will not do, (said I) assistance must directly, must this very day be obtained, or I am ruined for ever.” This sentiment had scarce passed in my mind before one of the oldest, ablest, and richest of my friends came towards me and with the greatest cordiality wished me the health and pleasures of the morning.— I accepted them with equal warmth. Our harmony was favourable to the subject in hand, and I spoke it as follows: “ I am exceedingly re-

joiced to meet you, (here my friend smiled) particularly to see you in so cheerful a humour (here my friend smiled again) it suits well with a little petition that I have now to make to your pocket, (here my friend seemed a little uneasy ;)—Yes, dear Mr. RITCHLEY, I say to your pocket. You have always expressed a desire to serve me: I am now in the utmost need of your assistance, and I know it will not be more pleasing for me to receive your kindness, than for you to confer it.—What a pleasure is there in being indebted to a friend! It excites both gratitude and sensibility, you will thank me, that I have made you happy in the opportunity of obliging me: Pray let me have a thousand pounds without delay.”

“ Here my friend gave a great hem, and said with some incoherence, ‘ Yes, yes, no doubt, certainly, a thousand pounds—by all means—I shall be very glad—but the truth is, I have not got five guineas in the house. At any other time I shall be proud to serve you.’ ”

“ Here my friend, who had a little time before been noticing the extreme beauty of the weather, found out that it was terribly cold, and wished me a good morning.—I called two days after and saw him at his window, but—he was not at home.

“ The

“ The next person that encountered me, was MR. STURDY, a wealthy farmer, who accosted me with the news of his having receiv’d a prize of £5000 in the lottery. He was all joy and jollity. This is the very moment, said I to myself, so, without any ceremony, I told him that he must do me a favour: ‘ That will I, (said he) for I am so rich, I scarce know what to do.’ “ The very thing! (said I)—you shall lend me a thousand pounds.”

“ Whew! (said he) How much?—Why, you are a worthy man, and I would serve you with all my heart, but if I was to lend my prize-money, I should have no luck another time. At present I cannot assist you therefore, but at any future opportunity, you may depend upon my readiest and very best endeavours.”

“ My third application was made to a Lady of great reputed generosity. I laid my case pathetically before her: ‘ Good heaven, Sir, (said she) how sincerely I pity you! Only to see the revolutions of this world! Why, you was a very responsible man some little time ago; I remember you talked of a carriage. God bless me how surprizingly the things of this world turn about! They are *topsy-turvy* in a moment. Now, if any man in

the universe but yourself had told me that you could stand in need of money in the way of borrowing, I should have vindicated you from the scandal. Mercy upon us, how careful we ought to be; we should turn a shilling over ten times before we let it go out of our hands; and even then we should take good care, that we have twelve-pence, or twelve-penny-worth for it. Oh lack-a-day, oh lack-a-day ! Oh deary oh! oh deary oh!

“ Here the lady, my old friend, went away lifting up her hands and pitied me exceedingly.

“ The fourth application, was to another Lady who heard my story with great attention; said, that she was beyond measure touched at it, as well as at my misfortune, but she excused herself from assisting me with a thousand pounds, because, “ Sir, (says she) as I am not married, and you have no security to offer me, it would give the world reason to believe, there was something between us more than there ought to be. It is my delicacy, and not my want of inclination, that refuses you, I protest, Sir, I hope you will see it in the right light. Young women must, in this age, be very guarded in their conduct. They must not be even seen to long conversing with men alone.”

“ Upon

“ Upon this, my fair friend walked off in a great hurry, for the sake of her *delicacy*.

“ The person I next spoke to had once borrowed five thousand pounds of me. He was now rich himself, and as I had heard, rich by lending out money at a certain interest. I opened the matter briefly: “ How much will do? said he very civilly. “ A thousand pounds,” said I. “ you shall have it.” My heart jumpt for joy.—“ Pray what security do you choose to offer?”—Security (said I!) I wish it to be a matter of friendship”—Friendship! (said he) friendship and a thousand pounds!—Pardon me—they never met together in my time, and I wish you a very good day. Friendship and a thousand pounds, indeed!

“ Upon this my friend turned upon his heel, and rapping his cane angrily on the ground, never spoke to me afterwards.”

“ I now tried a Clergyman, whose favourite Sunday-subject was Benevolence: Little doubt here, methought, as he was rich in preferments, and in private fortune: I told him the whole affair. ‘ Misconduct, young man, (said he) is often called misfortune. Don’t deceive yourself. If you have been imprudent, confess it, for confession is the first step towards penitence, and penitence

tence is the true path to pardon, and pardon is the high road to felicity. If thou hast erred err no more. Turn from thy evil ways, and do that which is right. Work while it is yet day, let the night come and overtake thee. Remember these sayings and be happy. As to money it ill becomes my profession to encourage misconduct. Child, go thy ways, go thy ways.'

" My friend, the Parson, walked off in a very stately manner, and the very next day, which was Sunday, preached a most pompous and pathetic discourse upon the indispensable Duties of Charity.

" In this way did I proceed to no purpose, but that of losing my time, until another of my friends who had heard of these my pecuniary petitions, arrested me for a large debt contracted in the way of business: I was thrown into prison, and I subsist at this time on the bounty of a Sailor without an arm."

EXTRAORDINARY
INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.

Aworthy young Clergyman who had a small curacy of forty pounds a year, was presented by

by a gentleman to a vicarage of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, which he enjoyed some time; but never altered his manner of living. His patron from a too open generosity, and want of œconomy in the conducting an estate of twelve hundred pounds a year, deep mortgaged, when he came to it, more money taken up afterwards by him, with a long arrear of interest, and the additional expence of protracting the fore-closure, was, at last, rendered incapable of longer preventing it; and the mortgage took possession. When this unhappy news reached the young Clergyman, he immediately set out to wait upon his Patron, to offer his assistance in the distressful situation, to which he was reduced: who when he saw him said Mr. —, I take this visit extremely kind of you; and the more so since I find myself deserted, almost by every man, who formerly had not only pride but interest in my friendship, yet, now avoid me, lest they should be called upon to make the slightest retribution; and though the scanty stipend you possess, will not admit your serving me, it is a mark of esteem and gratitude, I am most feelingly affected with. The Clergyman deeply touched at this relation, was obliged to turn away his head, to hide those marks of sensibility he felt rising towards his eyes, lest they should give any additional grief to the man he so highly revered, and already found

too

too much distressed. After shifting them, as well as possible, he preserved the same deference of behaviour to his Patron, he had ever paid him, laying with an apparent mixture of confusion, and fear of offending, "I hope Sir, that gentle humanity and benevolence of mind, ever so distinguishable, and most especially towards me, of which, I shall ever retain an indelible sense, will pardon what I am going to propose, as some alleviation of the misfortunes which humanity and benevolence have chiefly drawn upon you; and are also imbibed by the ingratitude of those, who were the hateful instruments,"—filling with concern, he was unable to proceed; his Patron almost as incapable of answering, said—"My worthy friend, whatever your goodness has to propose, though it should not prove really essential to my interest, it will to my happiness and tranquility of mind, even adequate to the re-possession of my fortune: and I shall receive more solid joy in reflecting one such man exists, than I ever knew amongst the multitude of those who were my former intimates, and imaginary friends. What has your generous humanity to offer?" "What" answered the other, "I fear, Sir, your generous humanity will be apt to reject, but pardon me, when I say, I must insist upon your receiving, since I can consider it in no other view than your indisputable right, the income

income of the Vicarage you so bounteously bestowed, and which now reverts to you, by all the laws of gratitude, humanity, and every social virtue. I can easily, Sir, attend the duty of that and my curacy, the income of which will fully gratify every wish I have, but that of contributing to your future ease and welfare." The Gentleman, after looking steadfastly upon him, replied, " Amazing! Is it in man to partake thus largely of his Creator? This single instance is sufficient to silence, and put to shame, all those who meanly attempt to deprecate human nature, and form their judgments of its universal tendency by the confined limits of their own, and their adherents narrow groveling minds, insolently arraigning the divine author with having constituted that sordidly selfishness, which by their own irregular and extravagant passions, they pervert an impious charge on him, as defective in their construction." After this and many other expressions of pleasurable amazement, with the strongest marks of love and gratitude, he peremptorily rejected the proposition; which the other as strenuously insisted upon executing, and he did from that time constantly remit him the whole income of his living; but declined seeing him, to avoid giving or receiving a confusion, great minds alone are susceptible of. Is it in the gifts of fortune, though in her most wanton lux-

urious mood, to minister to the mind of man, the least comparative degree of pleasure, in wealth, servants, equipage, and pomp, to that, which this great, this worthy man enjoyed, in the calm consciousness of possessing so ample, so beneficent a heart.

H O P E I S A B L E S S I N G
W H I C H W E K N O W N O T
H O W S U F F I C I E N T L Y T O P R I Z E.

IT is astonishing, that man, the most noble Being of the creation, should have so many imperfections as we find him surrounded with. It seems that there is always something which he wants, since no moment in life passes without some desires. Every thing he sees, every thing he hears, and every thing he thinks of, excites in his heart so many passions as nothing can extinguish, and which it is almost impossible for him to gratify; his weakness cannot answer to the vivacity of his imagination to furnish the means of satisfying itself; an eternal uneasiness devours him, which nothing but hope can satisfy.

Though frequently unhappy in his projects, yet man is very eagerly bent upon them; and even the

the misfortune of having failed therein does for the most part serve him as a fresh motive to prosecute them. This thirst which he cannot quench, and which incessantly burns within him; these desires always insatiable, and which he is never sure of satisfying, would be to him no doubt a terrible punishment, without the hope of success, with which he flatters himself, and which at least renders him happy by the idea he forms to himself, that he cannot fail of being so.

In fact, HOPE never leads him but through agreeable roads, even to the farther end, when it is forced to leave him; it alone has the power of taking from him the sense of the present, when it is unpleasing, and of anticipating as present the happy time to come, where it proposes to arrive. How distant soever the pleasing object be, hope brings it nigh; so that we enjoy a happiness, while we hope for it: if we miss it, we still hope for it; if we come to possess it, we promise ourselves we shall always do so.

Happy or unhappy, hope supports and animates us; and such is the instability of human affairs, that even hope itself justifies projects the most adventurous, since, by continual vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, we have no more reason to fear what we hate, than to hope for what we desire.

May not we say truly, that hope is the soul of the universe, and a spring the most powerful to maintain the harmony thereof.

It is by hope that the whole world governs itself. Would laws be enacted, if mankind did not hope a wise policy from them? Should we see obedient subjects, if each individual did not by his submission flatter himself to contribute to the happiness of his country? What should become of the arts, and how useless would they be reckoned, without the hopes of the good effects the world must reap from them? Would not the sciences be neglected? Would not talents be uncultivated, and the most happy genius's sink to a brutal rudeness, without the flattering hopes of a surer and a more refined taste in every thing that it concerns us to know.

If you ask the soldier, what makes him expose himself so often to the hazards of days, which he might render less perilous, or more easy? He will tell you, that it is the hope of glory which he highly prizes, and which he prefers to the melancholy softness of a life spent in an obscure languor. The Merchant traverses the seas, but he hopes to indemnify himself by his riches for the fears which he has undergone amidst the storms and the rocks.

The

The husbandman, bent down upon his plough, waters the ground with his sweat; but this very ground is to feed him; and he would give himself no trouble to cultivate it, if he did not certainly expect the reward of his labours.

Whatever be our undertakings, hope is the motive to them; it is the foretaste of our success, and is, at least, for some time a real blessing in default of that which escapes us. It is an anticipated joy which is sometimes delusive; but which, while it lasts, affords a pleasure that is no ways inferior to the enjoyment of that which we promise ourselves, and which often effaces the memory of all the sweets we have already tasted in the most happy situation.

And how could we quietly enjoy life if we did not live from one day to another, in hopes of prolonging it: There are none, down to sick persons, even in the most desperate case, that are not shocked at the approach of death, and who have not hopes of recovery almost in the very moment they are expiring. We even carry our hopes beyond the grave; and at the time when we are endeavouring to render ourselves immortal among mankind, full of this flattering idea, we are the more disposed to lose ourselves irrecoverably in the abyss of eternity.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOSE OF HENRY IV.

OF FRANCE.

THE faithful servants of Henry often represented to him the prejudice it might be to him, if he continued to shew such great clemency towards his enemies. The reply he made to this, will sufficiently prove the goodness of his heart.

“ If every one of you, who speak this language, were to say your daily prayers with sincerity of heart, you would not offer me this advice. I am truly sensible that the victory I have obtained, I owe solely to the great goodness of Almighty God, who has extended his mercy towards me, though unworthy of it; and as he pardons my offences, so will I pardon them who have offended against me; and moreover, convince them of the sincerity of my heart, by shewing them every mark of clemency and mercy in my power. If there are any who candidly confess their faults, and are sensible of their error, it is sufficient for me that they acknowledge it.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a young Officer, who had been bred in

in France, went to the ordinary at the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at table was a rough, old-fashioned gentleman, who according to the custom of those times, had been both Major and Preacher of a Regiment. The young officer was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking against the dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," (said he) "do not abuse your master while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time bid him take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" (cried the Major) "thou art an infidel, and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." At length the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. On their coming into the garden, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow scurrilous, "Sirrah,

rah, (said he) if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastize thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." This said, he drew his sword, and cried with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Which so terrified the young gentleman, that he was instantly disarmed, and thrown on his knees; in which posture he begged for life; which the Major refused to grant, 'till he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extempore prayer, which the Major dictated on the spot; and the other repeated it in the presence of the whole company, which was by this time assembled in the garden.

A N U N C O M M O N
Instance of the Divine Interposition.

DURING the government of Don Diego de Mendoza, in Paraguay, a dreadful famine raged at Buenos Ayres; yet Don Pedro, whose forces were very much weakened by mortality, and the attacks of the barbarous nations, being afraid of giving the Indians a habit of spilling Spanish blood, forbid the inhabitants, under pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief. But, as hunger is one of those extremities which makes people

people blind to the greatest dangers, and deaf even to the most sacred injunctions, he placed soldiers at all the out-lets to the country, with orders to fire upon those who should endeavour to transgress his orders. A woman, however, called Maldonata, was lucky enough to elude the vigilance of the guards, and God twice preserved her by one of those exertions of his Providence, to which public notoriety alone can extort belief from the incredulous, apt to take offence at every thing beside the common course of things. This woman, having for a long time rambled about the country, took notice of a cavern, where she flattered herself she might at last find a sure retreat against all the dangers that threatened her: but she had scarce entered it, when she espied a lioness, the sight of which terrified her to the last degree. She was, however, soon quieted a little, by the caresses of this animal, at the same time that she perceived they were not disinterested. The lioness, it seems, was reduced to the last extremity, as, though her term for littering was expired, she could not get rid of her burthen. Maldonata upon this took courage, and gave the poor creature the assistance she seemed so earnestly to require. The lioness being happily delivered, not only immediately gave her benefactress the most sensible proofs of her gratitude;

gratitude; but never returned from searching her own daily subsistence, without laying at the feet of Maldonata enough for her's, till the whelps being strong enough to walk abroad, she at last took them out with her, and never returned, leaving Maldonata to shift for herself.

Maldonata soon after fell into the hands of some Indians, who made a slave of her, and kept her in captivity for a considerable time. Being at length retaken by some Spaniards, she was brought back to Buenos Ayres, where Don Francis Ruiz de Galan commanded for Don Pedro de Mendoza, who happened to be absent. Galan was a man whose severity often degenerated into cruelty. Therefore, as he knew that Maldonata had stolen out of the city, contrary to orders, and did not think her sufficiently punished by a very long and very cruel slavery, he condemned her to death, and to a kind of death which no man but a tyrant could have thought of. He ordered some soldiers to take her into the country, and leave her tied to a tree, not doubting but some wild beast or other would soon come and tear her to pieces.

Two days after, the same soldiers being sent to see what was become of her, they were greatly surprized to find her alive, and unhurt, though surrounded

surrounded by lions and tigers, whom a lioness, lying at her feet with her whelps, kept at a distance. As soon as the lioness perceived the soldiers she retired a little, as it were to give them leave to unbind her benefactress, which they accordingly did. Maldonata then related to them the history of this lioness, whom she knew to be the same she had formerly assisted; and the soldiers remarked, that on their offering to carry away Maldonata, the lioness fawned greatly upon her, and seemed to express some concern at losing her. On the report the soldiers made to the Commander of what they had seen, he saw that he could not but pardon a woman whom Heaven had protected in so signal a manner, without appearing more inhuman than lions themselves.

The author of *Argentina*, the first author to relate this adventure, assures us, that he had heard it, not only from the public voice, but from the mouth of Maldonata herself; and father del Techo says, that when he arrived at Paraguay, a great many persons spoke to him of it, as an event which had happened within their memory, and of which nobody doubted the truth.



ANECDOTE

A NECDOTE OF
FIDELITY AND RESOLUTION.

WHILE the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men in that nation were heroic and brave. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself: Alonzo IV. surnamed The Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chace engrossed all his attention. His confidents and favourites encouraged him, and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their Sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his Nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a Nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Courts and camps," (said he) "were allotted for Kings, not woods and desarts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business; but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chace,

chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find obedient subjects. If not—" The King starting with rage, interrupted him, "If not—what?" "If not," resumed the Nobleman in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled. "I perceive" (said he) "the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a King, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the Sportsman, but with the Alonzo the King of Portugal."—His Majesty was as good as his promise, and became, as a warrior and a politician, the greatest of the Portuguese Monarchs.

ANECDOTE OF
ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the Ministry by the merchants trading to the Levant, &c. of the piracies of

of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the Ministry could no longer be silent. Accordingly, orders were sent to the Admiral, to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand a restitution of the Dey; and in case of a refusal, had an unlimited power to make reprisals.

The Admiral's squadron cast anchor in the offing, in the bay of Algiers, facing the Dey's palace. He went ashore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew, proceeding to the palace, where he demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted into the Dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, desired satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprized and enraged at the boldness of the Admiral's remonstrances, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the English King's insolence, in sending him a foolish beardless boy." The Admiral replied, "That if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his Deyship a he-goat."

Unused to such language from the sycophants of his own Court, this reply put him beside himself,

self, and, forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to Ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the Admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the Admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and shewing him the English fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile.—The Dey was wise enough to take the hint: The Admiral came off in safety, and ample reparation was made.

ON HAPPINESS.

I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the Creator of my Being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked; extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I
can

can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot believe, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the *Spleen*, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read.—The Passage is this:

*Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Now puffing, pull'd against the tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the follies of the fray.*

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one; but before I sit down either to laugh or to cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publickly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which

which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasiness of mankind owe their rise to inactivity, or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burdensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessaries of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within

the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten who, by all the advantages in wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others! And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to the perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain!

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: On the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the Creator passed on Man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of thy face thou shall eat thy bread: for to the punishment*

punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we see daily produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience; yet is that curse so ordered as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who, by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bonds of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering

that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest, who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under a kind of necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by an useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave and party of faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have the frequent mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. I have add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our enquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a King, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people;

people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people, is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

This happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations, which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude—Ambition of disappointment—and Riches of disease. I will conclude these reflections with the following Fable :

“ Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Wealth and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: but, having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and, by her perpetual good humour, encreasing the vivacity of her sister.

“ In

" In this manner they travelled over forests,
 " and through towns and villages, till at last they
 " arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their
 " entrance into the great city, the mother conjured
 " her daughter never to lose sight of her, for it
 " was the will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their sepa-
 " ration should be attended with the utter ruin of
 " all three. But Health was of too gay a disposi-
 " tion to regard all the counsels of Labour: she
 " suffered herself to be debauched by Intemper-
 " ance, and at last died in child-bed of disease.
 " Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave
 " herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was
 " never heard of after: while Labour, who could
 " have no enjoyment without her daughters, went
 " every where in search of them, till she was at last
 " seized by a lassitude in her way and died in
 " Misery."

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew

how

how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new Oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare-headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance; but so much choaked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, 'till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.



A GENUINE ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG Lady, from the North of England, being sent to the East-Indies to marry a certain Governor, rather advanced in years, that Gentleman, soon after her arrival, was for performing his engagements immediately; but the fair traveller positively refused, and finally gave as a reason for her conduct, that she did not chuse to deceive him; that during her voyage she had betrothed herself to the captain of the ship, who, however, was base enough to retract his promise, although she feared that their connection had been productive of certain disagreeable consequences. The Governor repaid her frankness with the most generous conduct; and was not at all surprized that she should rather give her hand to a young fellow, who had besides the advantages of being on the spot, than wait with uncertainty for an elderly man, who was an absolute stranger to her. He therefore married her himself without hesitation, after having in vain endeavoured to persuade her false lover to take that step.



AVARICE

AVARICE AND GLORY: A TALE.

THE Miser is chiefly his own enemy, but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race. He strides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults. The miser and the ambitious are both equally self-interested; but, while one destroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

Avarice and glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords, immediately listed beneath their banners, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a most remote part of the country, they, by accident, set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd, whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his solicitude his next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety; and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose.—Here, with his favourite *Sylvana*, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown and unknowing a world, that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. "How insupportable is it," cried Glory, "thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing!—Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man, who thus flights our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquility, and teach him to reverence our power."—Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting: "Dear shepherd, how do I pity," cries Glory, "your poor simplicity! To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, might certainly create even the compassion of the Gods. Leave, prythee, leave a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity: It is doubly to die, to die without applause.—You have virtues, and those ought to appear, and not thus lie concealed by ungrateful Obstinacy.—Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee.—I promise you a certainty of success:—You have only to chuse, whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be assured of finding respect, riches, and immortality."

At so unaccustomed an invitation the shepherd seemed incapable of determining: He hesitated for some time between Ambition and Content, 'till at length the former prevailed, and he became in some measure, a convert. Avarice now came in to fix him entirely, and willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation: " Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists.—You are in indigence, and miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life only in ogling his mistress, playing upon his pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture: improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps, shuddering at the winter's breeze! Alas! little dost thou know of the plasures attending the great! What sumptuous palaces they live in; how every time they leave them, seems a triumphal procession; how, every word they pronounce is echoed with applause. Without fortune, what is life but misery? What is virtue but sullen satisfaction? Money, money is the grand mover of the universe; without it life is insipid, and talents contemptible.

The unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions: His mistress, his flock are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast. In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youth bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the muses, and began by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admittance among the men of wit, and gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour.—He published criticisms, to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon Satire attacked him with all its virulence; he found in every brother-wit a rival, and in every rival, one ready to depreciate what he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train that offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns. He next took the field in quality of a soldier; he was foremost in revenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and

and in mounting every breach. With a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the hardened laurel from his brow. His conquests were attributed, not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the shepherd changes, and in his own defence, retired from the field to the cabinet. Here he became a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, concludes treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace to procure the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere.—Intoxicated with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he is now taught to speak what he never intends to perform.—His faults disgusted some, his few remaining virtues more.

At length, however, his system fails, and his projects are blown up. What was the cause of misfortune

misfortune was attributed to corruption and ignorance. He is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Avarice, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long forsaken cottage. He assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity, and in the arms of his faithful *Sylvana* passes the remainder of his life in happiness, and undisturbed repose.

THE PRISONER.

A RECENT FACT.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence ; but the capture of our West-India fleet, in the late unnatural American war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful ; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable

hourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza posses'd Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and with her infant son she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled ; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extend her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent.—Give attention to my short prayer.—Grant me forgivness.—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee :—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries.—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead.

The Keeper interrupted his devotions by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied

replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more.

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery. He, who with apathy had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request. Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried! O Heavens, said Henry, am I too guilty to have my prayer heard. He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—this is too much—my heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.

What do I hear, replied Henry? Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office. This is more than I was prepared to hear. Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate.—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the Ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone

alone could administer. It was a reprieve, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed.—Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—she ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

THE FORCE OF LOVE,
UNITED TO RELIGION:
A MORAL TALE.

MR. Shepherd, a very respectable merchant, who had acquired a genteel fortune, with an unblemished character, in the Turkey trade, received so severe a shock to his spirits by the death of an every-way amiable wife, with whom he had lived near thirty years, that his health was considerably injured by his excessive grief. He was inconsolable, and would have been, probably, driven to despair, had not a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who inherited all the valuable qualities of her mother, prevented him from reflecting too intensely on the loss he had sustained, by her ten-

S der

der attentions and alleviating conversation. By that conversation, and by those attentions, she, happily, brought him into a cheerful train of thinking; and from the moment he began to look upon an event which he had deplored in terms that too much indicated a criminal dereliction, in a religious light, his health gradually returned.

Miss Shepherd was, at the time of her mother's death, not quite of age; but she had a fine understanding, and a matronly dignity in her behaviour. With a strong understanding, and as pleasing a person, without any pretensions to beauty, as can be imagined, her manners were extremely engaging, and she had many elegant accomplishments.— For her intellects, her virtues, and her accomplishments, for her tenderness, her discretion, and her obedience, she was justly doated on by her father; and his parental affection was increased, (if it could be increased) when he beheld in her the only comfort he had in his declining years.— Never were paternal love and filial duty carried to a more exemplary height. Equally studious to endear themselves to each other, they were revered, as well as beloved, by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with them.

Miss Shepherd had many admirers; but the gentleman whose addresses gave her the most pleasure,

sure, was, unluckily, the only man in the world to whom her father had particular objections; and she was determined never to give *her hand* without his consent, whatever uneasiness *her heart* might suffer from the violence which she offered to her inclination.

Mr. Digges had just before the death of Mrs. Shepherd, inherited a considerable estate from his father, who was possessed of many valuable plantations in Jamaica.

Mr. Digges was sufficiently accomplished by nature and education to recommend himself powerfully to the fair-sex in general; and he was particularly agreeable in the eyes of Miss Shepherd; happier would she have been if her father had seen him in as favourable a light. The truth is, Mr. Shepherd was not only a good moral man, he was also a man of piety; punctual in his attendance at church, from which he never absented himself, but through necessity, and strongly believing all the awful articles of faith contained in the Scriptures, he could not help feeling compassion for those who lived as if they had a contempt for revelation: he felt more than compassion, he felt his resentment also rise against them.

Digges was, indeed, too much a man of pleasure to be excluded from the number who drew Mr. Shepherd's resentment upon them, by the licentiousness of their lives: he certainly considered public worship as a thing of no sort of consequence; and had a very slight, if any opinion of the christian religion.—Mr. Shepherd, therefore, flatly refused to receive him into his family as a son-in-law, and actually prohibited his visits to the house, intreating his daughter at the same time to give up all thoughts of him.

To give up all thoughts of a man who had made a very deep impression on her heart, was not in poor Fanny's power. - The dismission of her lover had such an effect upon her spirits, that she fell into a melancholy state. She was as dutiful as ever in her carriage to her father; but the almost daily alteration in her person alarmed him. The roses of health no longer bloomed in her cheeks, and her face was no longer brightened with the smiles of contentment.

Mr. Shepherd wanted not to be acquainted with the cause of *that* alteration in his daughter, which he sincerely lamented; but hoping she might, if removed from the spot on which she had met with a disappointment too severe to be sustained

ed

ed by her, recover her spirits and health, he sent her to an aunt, by the mother's side, about five and twenty miles from London, who just at that juncture had pressed him to let her spend part of the summer at her house.

Accordingly, Fanny set off to her Aunt, and not without some animating reflections; for as Mrs. Bonnel had always behaved to her in the most affectionate manner, and had a great influence over her father, she hoped that her mediation, might prove serviceable to her.

Mrs. Bonnel received her niece with much politeness, and expressed, no small satisfaction at her arrival; but started a little to see her look paler and thinner than she expected, though Mr. Shepherd had previously dispatched a preparatory letter.

Fanny being closely questioned concerning her looks unbosomed herself without the least reserve to her aunt: but concluded her narrative with declaring, that whatever disquietude she felt, she would not do any thing to render his life unhappy who had been instrumental to her existence, who had taken a great deal of pains to promote her felicity, and who had opposed her inclination for

Mr.

Mr. Digges, she was satisfied, with the best intentions in the world.

“ You are an excellent daughter, my dear Fanny,” said Mrs. Bonnel, “ and deserve to be rewarded for your filial gratitude and regard. As for Mr. Digges, I shall endeavour to come at his real character from impartial people; for I look upon your father as a prejudiced person upon this occasion. He is a very good man; but he is of too rigid a way of thinking about religious matters. I am not so uncharitable as to imagine that none can be worthy who are not always going to church, and minutely complying with every injunction in their prayer-bocks.”

Mrs. Bonnel had soon an opportunity to gratify her curiosity, and finding that Mr. Digges, though not a religious character, was a sensible, sober, good-natured man, rather encouraged her niece’s inclination for him, and undertook to bring her father to consent to their union.

Soon after she had dispatched her letter to Mr. Shepherd, in which she pleaded for Digges with all the powers of persuasion she was mistress of, he being on a visit to an uncle’s who lived near her, ventured to wait on her, and met with an encouraging

couraging reception. From that day he had frequent interviews with his Fanny.

Fanny, however, though she could not help being pleased with the conversation and behaviour of her lover, sincerely wished to remove his prejudices against Christianity; and would on no account agree to be his, without her father's approbation, which never could, she knew be obtained, while he continued in a state of infidelity. When he proposed a private marriage to her she plainly told him, "That she would never take any steps to make a parent unhappy who had never intentionally done any thing to render her so."— "My father," added she, "opposes our union, because he thinks that no man who neglects his religious duties can make a good husband."

"If that's the case, my dearest," replied he, briskly, "I'll soon put matters upon an easy footing: I'll appear at church as constantly as he does himself, and go thro' all the ceremonies mentioned in the rubrick with the utmost regularity: then, surely, I shall gain my point compleatly."

"You may, by so doing, Sir," said she, gravely, "impose upon my father; but if you comply with the duties enjoined by the rubrick, merely to serve a present turn, without feeling your heart subscribe

to the language of your lips, you will be guilty of the most contemptible as well as the most criminal hypocrisy, and I would immediately undeceive my father."

Struck with the manner in which she delivered that speech, he beheld her in a new, and still more amiable light; and was so much affected by what she afterwards urged to him, with a vein of piety, which would have *canonized* her in the first ages of Christianity, that he became heartily ashamed of his infidelity, and convinced of the truths which she addressed with energy to his understanding.

Mr. Shepherd, when he read Mrs. Bonnel's letter, was almost ready to pronounce her unworthy of the good opinion he had always entertained of her: for having, with uncommon earnestness, recommended a man to be his son-in-law who laughed at religion in general; and who had distinguished himself against Christianity on every occasion: but instead of answering her letter, he determined to go down to L——d, and take his daughter out of her hands, lest she should connive at some clandestine proceedings.

Accordingly he set off, as soon as he had finished a little business which he could not prudently leave undone,

undone, with various reflections rolling in his mind, the majority of which were disagreeable; being really apprehensive, from some parts of Mrs. Bonnel's letter, that she would rather spirit up her niece to follow her inclinations, than stimulate her to conquer it.

On his arrival he found Mrs. Bonnel in a back-parlour, which looked into a garden, by herself. She received him with her usual politeness, and cheerful looks; there was however, a coolness in his carriage at the sight of her which would, at any time, have surprized her; but she knew how to make allowances for a behaviour which her letter had occasioned.

When the first civilities were exchanged, he enquired in hurrying accents for his daughter—but seeing her at that instant walking towards the house, with Digges by her side, and seeing them also smile on each other, he began to reproach Mrs. Bonnel for admitting a man to his Fanny to whom he had so many material objections. When he had so reproached her, he was hastening to the garden-door—Mrs. Bonnel, catching hold of his coat, begged him to hear her, as she had something of consequence to relate to him. She then acquainted him with the revolution which Fanny

T had

had brought about in Mr. Digges's principles; and as he had great reason to believe, by talking with him afterwards, that he was become a sincere convert to Christianity, he willingly gave his daughter to him, with a handsome fortune.—By giving his daughter to Mr. Digges, he compleated the happiness of them both; and they both made an exemplary figure in the marriage state.

Digges was not a little rallied by some of his most intimate companions, who came to see him on his wedding, for the *sneaking* notions, as they called them, which he had picked up during his courtship; but their mirth only moved his compassion. He pitied them for principles which were so ill calculated to make men happy, either here or hereafter; and that he might not be unhinged by their irreligious conversation, he broke off all connections with such dangerous associates.

AN ANECDOTE.

ON the first night of the representation of the comedy of *The Suspicious Husband*, FOOTE sat by a plain, honest, well-meaning citizen, whose imagination was strongly impressed by the incidents of the play. At the dropping of the curtain,

the

the wit complained to his neighbour of the impropriety of suffering *Ranger* to go off as he came on, without being reclaimed. “ Could not the author, (said he) throw this youth, in the course of his nocturnal rambles, into some ridiculous scene of distress, which might have reclaimed him? As he now stands, who knows but the rogue, after all the pleasure he has given us, may spend the night in a round-house?” “ By G—d, (says the Cit) if it happens in my Ward, I'll release him, for I'm sure he is too honest a fellow to run away from his bail.”

HUMANITY.

REMARKABLE

ANECDOTE of DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surly aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every mo-

ment expected the servant with the paper; but to his surprize and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent Divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the fash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. ‘ It is a petition, please your Reverence,’ replied the woman. ‘ Bring it up, rascal,’ cried the enraged Dean!—The surprized and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was ^{to}pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy,—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of the doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct :

“ The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him.” Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the

Dean

Dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

THE UNNATURAL BROTHER.

SIR George Sonds, of Kent, had lately two sons, grown up to that age wherein he might have expected most comfort from them; but in the year 1655, the youngest of them, named Freeman Sonds, having no apparent cause or provocation either from his father or brother, did in a most inhuman and butcherly manner, murder the elder, as he lay sleeping by him in his bed: he beat out his brains with a cleaver: and, although this was his mortal wound, yet, perceiving him to groan and sigh, as one approaching unto death, he stabbed him seven or eight times, in and about the heart, and when he had finished this black and bloody tragedy, he went to his aged father, then in bed, and told him of it, rather glorying in it, than expressing any repentance for it. Being apprehended, he was presently after condemned at Maidstone assizes, and accordingly executed.

ANECDOTE.

A NECDOTE.

EDWARD Bone, of Ladlock, in Cornwall, was a servant to Mr. Courtney, of that county. He was deaf from his cradle, and consequently dumb, yet could learn and express any news to his master that was stirring in the country. If a sermon was preached within some miles distance, he would repair to the place, and ~~sitting~~ himself directly opposite to the preacher, would look him steadfastly in the face while his sermon lasted: To which religious zeal his honest life was also answerable. Assisted with a firm memory, he would not only know a person whom he had seen but once, but describe him so perfectly as to be known by any other.

ON LIFE.

OUR Life is like a Winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest only sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

PERSECUTION.

PERSECUTION.

LORD Herbert, of Cherburg, relates that when he was at Paris, father Segnerand, confessor to the King of France, preached a sermon before his Majesty, on the Christian duty of *forgiving our enemies*. But he made a distinction in the objects of forgiveness, asserting that we are bound only to forgive our *personal* enemies, not the enemies of God: Such are heretics, and particularly the professors of the Protestant religion. These he urged his Majesty, as the most *Christian King*, to extirpate wherever they were to be found.

ANECDOCE OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN one of the forced marches, the King rode beside his cavalry, and heard a trooper, at a very little distance, make a horrid noise with cursing and swearing. He immediately rode up to him; and heard him exclaim, among many other shocking oaths, "I wish this damned sort of life at an end." "You are very right, my boy," cried the King, "I wish the same—but what can we do?—We must have patience until it is peace." With such lenity did the King behave to his soldiers,

diers, although they deserved to be reproached, nay, even punished. This accounts, in some measure, why the Prussian troops surmounted the greatest dangers, and gained the most glorious victories under such a leader as Frederick, justly called the Great.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE late excellent Prince of Orange, eldest daughter to our late good King George the Second, in her earliest years assumed a pride of behaviour to the Court ladies, unsuitable to her Royal birth and high station. When a lady of the first quality happened one day to be in waiting, the Princess obliged her to stand in her presence so long, that the lady was ready to faint.— She complained of this treatment to Queen Caroline; who assured the complainant, she would take care to reform this improper conduct in the Princess; to this end she sent for her, and desired her to read in a certain book, which she put into her hands. The Princess read, standing all the time for more than an hour, and then paused.— The Queen commanded her to read on.— She obeyed for near an hour more, and being not permitted to sit down, she burst into tears: Upon this,

this, the Queen said to her, “ Princess, I hope this lesson will teach you humanity. How could you so far forget yourself, as to oblige Lady —, to wait on you so long, and not to ask her to sit down? She was a woman of the first quality, but had she been a nursery maid, you should have remembered she was a human creature, and like yourself.” The Princess thanked her Majesty for her admonition, and never gave her occasion for the like reprobation.

THE GENEROUS PEDLAR.

A TRUE STORY.

AN inhabitant of a village, in the circle of Suabia, was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.—The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. ‘ Dearest husband,’ said the distracted mother, ‘ shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth only

U

to

to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love, their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own—Run—fly to the next town—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them!—Every moment you lose is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries—you may find some good heart who may yet relieve us.

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a sepeclre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. Not one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred.—A Pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The Pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.—No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and returning to the Pedlar, he threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. ‘Take back your money,’

money,' said he. ' Believe how much it has cost me before I could be resolved to commit this crime.—My heart has been unused to guilt.—Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive—you will pity me—you will be my benefactor, my preserver!'

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitation, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter his ruinous habitation! How moving every object! The children, almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger,—and the mother—what an object was the wretched mother!

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife, ' You know,' said he, ' with what eagerness I went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have in luxury and idle expences.—Refused by all,—desperate,—furious,—I went into a neighbouring wood,—can you believe it? I have laid

violent hands on this good man,—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you.’ ‘Pity my poor babes,’ exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the Pedlar; ‘consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband;—I implore your compassion for these wretched infants.

The good Pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. ‘I am your friend,’ said he. ‘Take these twenty crowns—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future.’ What! answered the peasant, ‘instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector? Would you be my preserver? Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take this money.’ The Pedlar, insisting still, compels him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the Pedlar retires with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh

Oh ye ! on whom Fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious ! after this example of benevolence in a poor Pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity ? Can you henceforth behold unmoved the sufferings of your fellow-creatures ? Will you never feel the delight of doing good ? Oh ! sleep not in the bosom of affluence. Fortune is inconstant ; enjoy her present favours ; but forget not this important truth, that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

AS Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony ; and that he might see the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan, that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action,

when

when the blind fidler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, crack'd jokes, &c. in a vein of humour entertaining to the two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding ; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay ; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly ; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

FOR THE KING.

Stanzas by an Old Curate of Deddington,

IN OXFORDSHIRE, AGED EIGHTY.

O THOU who art all ear to ear,
 Who art all eye to see,
 In our distress, where shall we fly,
 But, mighty God, to thee !

Thou se'est our hearts with sorrow fill'd
 Our sins for mercy cry ;
 Lord, if the sheep have gone astray,
 Let not the shepherd die.

Thou hear'st, when two or three their vows
 Into thy Temple bring ;
 O hear when thousands join their cry,
 Kind Heaven—O spare our King.

When Judah's Lord lay sick to death,
 Thou heard'st his mournful prayers ;
 And gav'st that good and pious King
 A life of fifteen years.

Pity and see—a Nation sad
 Before thy altar prays,
 Let George still live to bless this land,
 Nor die—till full of days.

Then

Then shall a joyful people pay
 To thee their vows sincere,
 And with united voices sing,
 Praise God, my God most dear.

ANECDOTE OF HOLBEIN,

A famous Painter in Henry the Eighth's Reign.

A NOBLEMAN of the first quality came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his Lordship to defer the honour of his visit to another day; which the Nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein, hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the Lord at his door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, considering immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the King. The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon opening his grievance, the King ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied

satisfied with less than his life; upon which the King sternly replied, " My Lord, you have not " now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever " punishment you may contrive by way of revenge " against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon " yourself: Remember, pray, my Lord, that I " can, whenever I please, make seven Lords of " seven Ploughmen, but I cannot make one Hol- " bein of even seven Lords."

STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

A NOBLE and ancient family, in one of the interior provinces of France, had a great number of children. The daughters, especially, were a heavy burthen on the family income; which, though very decent, was inadequate to any design of giving them each a portion sufficiently considerable to procure them a settlement fit for their birth.

The young ladies, as is too usual in France, in these cases, were sent into convents, and only one reserved at home.

This was the eldest, from whom, it seems, they hoped to find a husband in a young Count, whose estate lay contiguous to theirs, and who was not

X

only

only a near relation, but had often expressed a desire of being more nearly related.

He was very rich, and highly connected ; one of his uncles had a considerable place at Court, and, having no children, had declared the young Count his heir.

These flattering prospects made him the idol of all the ambitious families where he was acquainted, and induced them, of course, to use all their endeavours to obtain him for a son-in-law.

One of the daughters above-mentioned, after a stay of some years in a convent, grew tired of her situation, and prevailed upon her parents to take her home.

She was an insinuating artful girl, and by her dexterity had gained an ascendancy over her mother, by whose persuasions the father consented that she should leave her confinement.

But the youngest was not so fortunate ; she had often requested to be freed from the disagreeable abode she was in ; but her letters, though full of the most pathetic entreaties, were always disregarded, and very seldom answered.

Worn out with impatience at such treatment, she ventured to utter some spirited complaints in a letter to one of her aunts; but this lady very injudiciously shewed it to her father, whom it exasperated much more than it could move.

He was a man of a morose and brutal disposition, intoxicated with ideas of his consequence, and that of his family, interested to the highest degree, and ready to sacrifice every consideration to its aggrandizement.

His wife was a woman of the same character, proud, haughty, unfeeling, and made up of ill-nature and vanity.

These were not persons from whom much was to be expected through pity and supplication.— The poor young lady, accordingly, having continued to remonstrate in vain during a long space of time, lost her hopes and her health, and fell dangerously ill.

Louisa, that was her name, was, at this period, in the bloom of opening beauty; she was turned of sixteen, perfectly well made, and possessed an air of loveliness and dignity together, that made her the favourite of all her acquaintance. Several gentlewomen had interceded in her behalf for a

total release from the convent, and an introduction into the world ; sure as they were that so handsome and accomplished a young lady would never want admirers.

But the obstinacy of the father was proof against all petitions in her favor. In this he was joined by the mother, who, with equal hardness of heart, rejected all expostulations, and insisted that a nunnery should be her portion.

Her illness, however, and the imminent danger they were informed she was in, obliged them at last to remove her home, and to treat her with some appearance of kindness.

As she was a girl of excellent temper, full of sweetness and good-nature, this seeming return of parental affection, made so powerful an impression upon her, that she quickly recovered her health and spirits.

But the consequences of this recovery were far from being favourable to her. Determined, at all events, to sacrifice her to their ambitious views, her parents again prepared to remand her back to her imprisonment.—The first proposal they made to her on this subject, affected her so much, that she fainted away, and was with much difficulty brought to her senses.

Convinced

Convinced that to force her to return to that odious spot would be instant death to her, they desisted from the attempt, and took the resolution to prevail upon her to comply by other means than those they had used hitherto.

Deceit was now called in to their assistance; they pretended that the addresses of the young Count to her eldest sister, would not continue long, if he once perceived that her fortune was less than they had at first apprized him; that it was therefore necessary they should feign she was destined to pass her life in a convent, otherwise her sister would miss of a splendid settlement; which she certainly must lose all hopes of, if three daughters were to divide the fortune which the Count had long been made to believe was only the property of one.

They promised most solemnly, at the same time, that as soon as the marriage had taken place, she should be at liberty to quit her retirement, and should live at large, without any further restraint on her person, or her inclinations.

Won by these promises, and by a variety of presents, which they took care to make her on this occasion, she consented, at length, to repair to her former mansion. Both father and mother attended her thither, and behaved with so much outward

ward tenderness at parting, that they left her fully convinced she might rely on all they had said.

In the mean time, Narcissa, that sister who had found means to deliver herself from her monastic fetters, began to appear a troublesome guest to her parents.

Whether the young Count grew cool in his attendance on the eldest, or whether her father and mother were apprehensive of such an event, they had already cast a disapproving eye on her presence in the family; and would willingly have dispatched her to the same confinement with Louisa, had they not apprehended, that being more knowing, she would have not only refused compliance herself, but induced her sister to join in the refusal.

After consulting in what manner to proceed with Narcissa, they determined to attempt a plot with her, of a deeper, as well as of a blacker die than that which had succeeded with her sister.

After loading her with caresses, and persuading her that she was the confidential possessor of all their secrets, they told her, as a proof of the high trust which they reposed in her, that they proposed to make her the instrument of the design which they had resolved to carry into execution respecting her sister Louisa.

They

They represented to Narcissa, that the invincible obstinacy of that sister made it requisite to assault her by artifice, and to draw her imperceptibly into those measures, which otherwise it was clear she would never embrace.

The stratagem they proposed, was, that Narcissa should repair to the convent on a visit, as it were, to Louisa; where, after two or three weeks or a month's stay, they would come down, on a pretence to bring her home; but that in the mean time she should make it her business to converse as much as possible with Louisa on the Count's courtship to their eldest sister, and convince her, by every argument she could think of, that his avaricious disposition hindered him from concluding the business, while he saw both her younger sisters in a way to claim a share of that fortune which he had been given to understand was to have been entirely settled upon her alone.

In order to make the stronger impression on the mind of Louisa, Narcissa was to tell her, that in consequence of these considerations, she had taken the determination to absent herself from home, and to feign a liking to a monastic life, the sooner to bring her sister's marriage to a conclusion. That possibly, the Count, on seeing both the youngest sisters withdrawn from the world, would

would hesitate no longer, and terminate the business which the family wished so ardently to see completed.

Fraught with these instructions, and prepared to execute them by every promissory view, which both her father and mother industriously held out on this occasion, she hastened to the convent; where she found Louisa beginning to tire of her situation, and panting for that liberty, of which the little she had tasted at home, some months before, had given her a very great relish.

Narcissa did not fail, according to the injunctions she had received, to behave with all the artifice of which she was mistress, and to work upon the mind of her artless sister with so much dexterity, as to persuade her it was for the interest, as well as that of their eldest sister, to remain in the nunnery until she was actually married.

On the father and mother's coming to fetch her home, according to appointment, she acted the part agreed upon to admiration; and brought her sister Louisa into her measures so completely, that their parents returned home entirely satisfied with the success of their stratagem.

In

In the mean time, from whatever causes it might proceed, the marriage of the eldest sister was protracted from day to day, and the Count did not seem to betray the least impatience on that account.

But the young lady's parents began to lose all their patience, and were no longer able to refrain from carrying the design they had framed, relative to the two other daughters, into the speediest execution.

They went to the convent, and informed the two sisters, that it was absolutely necessary, for the acceleration of their sister's marriage with the Count, to act a still more explicit part than they had done hitherto, and to close the comedy they had begun, by taking the veil, and pretending to become nuns in good earnest.

This, you will readily conceive, was no agreeable message to either of them. Louisa opposed it at first with great spirit and vehemence, but Narcissa offering to lead the way in this disagreeable business, she with much difficulty consented to the proposal made to them, after having received the most positive assurances that this should be the last act of the deceitful performance imposed upon them.

The task they were now put upon must certainly have been highly mortifying to young ladies in the prime of youth and beauty, and no ways inclined to the life they were now about to lead for perhaps a twelvemonth, or even more.

Such is the usual space allotted to that trial; which, in convents, is called the novitiate. On its expiration, it is expected that they who have gone through it, should either enter into a solemn engagement for life, or else depart from the convent.

It is usual, at the same time, for those who become novices, whether men or women, to cut off their hair. This, you well know, is a great sacrifice to a French woman; who takes uncommon pride in that appendage of comeliness, and parts with it, therefore, with infinite reluctance.

This loss must have been particularly felt by the two young ladies; had their real intentions been what they outwardly appeared, the deprivation of that ornament, would have been of no consequence to them, in a place where they were to be hidden from the sight of men; but expecting to be delivered from the tribulations they were undergoing for the sake of their sister, as soon as the Count had married her, the prospect of appearing in

in society without that necessary appurtenance to gaiety, must have very much affected them.

Narcissa, you see, had gone great lengths in her endeavours to circumvent Louisa. Every motive that her parents could frame was adduced on this occasion; they assured her that a few months should terminate her captivity, and that on her feigning a fit of illness, they would immediately recall her home.

Filled with these hopes, and with the expectation of that portion which was to go to Louisa, on her remaining a Nun, Narcissa cheerfully co-operated with the views of her parents on her poor sister.

But, exclusive of Narcissa, another person was to be won over, to assist in this affair. This was the lady Abbess of the monastery, in which they now were novices. She was accordingly made participant of the ultimate resolutions adopted by the parents of the young ladies.

This abbess, on the first opening of the business, was by no means inclined to second the intentions of these hard-hearted people. The enormity of the treatment they inflicted on their children was too visible to meet with her immediate concur-

rence ; and it was not till they had assured her in the strongest terms that they were not in circumstances to provide otherwise for them, that she consented to be accessory to their designs.

Near half the noviciate was expired, when Narcissa, vexed at seeing no end to the Count's courtship, petitioned for a release from confinement, and feigned an illness, as she had been allowed.

But this answered no other purpose than to bring her parents to the convent to visit her, and to make fresh assurances of their favourable intentions relative to her.

On the expiration of the eleventh, and entrance into the twelfth month of their noviciate, Louisa began to be alarmed at her situation, and exclaimed loudly against the barbarity of their treatment, threatening to endure it no longer, and to throw off the habit she had only assumed in compliance to her parents.

Narcissa herself was not pleased with these repeated delays; and could hardly contain her discontent within the bounds of the dissimulation she had hitherto preserved.

But the time was come that her parents had looked for to dissemble no longer themselves.—

They

They came to the convent, and told Louisa, that after the maturest deliberation, they saw no other method of rendering the family happy, than by embracing the monastic state, and continuing to wear the habit she had assumed ; that she had better do it with a good grace, than adhere to a refusal, which they gave her to understand would be unavailing ; that by complying cheerfully with their request, she would gain and experience their good-will in a manner that would render her situation pleasing and comfortable in the highest degree ; that every accommodation, suitable to her state, should be found her with the utmost kindness and liberality ; and that, in short, every favour and indulgence should be shewn her, that she could ask or wish for.

Louisa was a girl of excellent sense, as well as of exquisite feelings.—She had not lived so long in a convent, without being perfectly acquainted what sort of happiness and satisfaction is to be found in such places.

Nature had formed her for society and pleasure, and a monastery was the last thing in her thoughts. Her mind was full of that liveliness which keeps every passion on the wing, and her whole appearance shewed her born for every enjoyment of life.

To

To a young person of this frame, such a proposal was like a clap of thunder; it bereaved her, for a while, of sense and motion; she was carried to her cell, and confined to her bed several days.

This, however, had no effect on her parents; they left her to the care of Narcissa, fully resolved not to recede from their determinations.

As soon as they had heard that she was recovered, and somewhat composed, they returned, and insisted peremptorily on her compliance.

She threw herself at their feet, and implored their commiseration in the most moving terms; she offered, in case they would relent, to give up all expectation of fortune, and to make her portion over to her other sisters; she required no more than a bare maintenance, and to be suffered to live in the plainest manner; promising faithfully to act with all deference to their commands in domestic matters.

Instead of being softened by the prayers and tears of a lovely daughter submissively prostrate at his feet, the brutal father spurned her from him with the most shocking sternness: he threw himself into the most furious passion; and threatened, in case of further disobedience, to send her to a penitential

penitential house of confinement, at four or five hundred miles distance, where she should be shut up all her days.

You will, perhaps, think it strange, that any man should make such threats, or that having made, he should be able to execute them. But parental authority is sometimes, in France, and in other countries abroad, carried to great extremities. It is a remnant of that dreadful power which parents formerly possessed over their children, even in the freest states.

The youth of Greece and Rome were not free from this terrible bondage; much less were those of other countries, not so polite and civilized.

A menace of this nature silenced at once the unhappy Louisa, and left her no alternative between immediate obedience, and the worst of misery.

After having disposed of Louisa in this manner, it was now Narcissa's turn to learn her own destiny.

Her parents began, by expressing their regret at the behaviour of the Count, who, notwithstanding his seeming attachment to their eldest sister, was perpetually enquiring whether her two sisters had made

made their vows, and bound themselves formally to a continuance of the profession they had embraced. They saw that nothing short of this would induce him ever to marry her; that it was much against their inclination to part with so discreet and prudent a child; but they flattered themselves, from her moderation and good sense, that she would, as well as they, perceive the necessity of the measures they had planned for the general good of the family, and hoped, therefore, she would acquiesce, in conjunction with her sister Louisa, in the earnest desire and request of her parents, that they should both embrace a monastic life.

Such a speech struck Narcissa with the utmost astonishment; she remained some minutes confounded and speechless, and hardly mistress of her senses.

She now perceived how grossly she had been deceived; she saw the drift of all the pretended bounties and feigned caresses she had lately experienced; but what sunk deepest into her heart, she saw too plainly that she had entangled herself past all deliverance.

When she had recollected herself, finding that resistance would be vain, she promised implicit acquiescence;

acquiescence; and only begged that she and her sister might be allowed a short space of time to compose their minds, and prepare themselves for the great and unexpected change they were now to undergo for the residue of their lives.

This was granted, and after making every promise of future indulgence and kindness consistent with the nature of a monastic life, their parents took leave of them, with every demonstration of tenderness they were able to feign.

As soon as they were gone, and the two unfortunate sisters retired to their cell, Narcissa fell on her knees before Louisa, and, with a flood of tears, acknowledged the part she had acted throughout the whole transaction, asking her forgiveness with every mark of the deepest contrition.

Louisa, whose soul was all tenderness and magnanimity, embraced Narcissa in the most affectionate manner, and gave her every assurance of an entire forgiveness and reconciliation.

Narcissa, though she had condescended to be an instrument of deceit, was not so far depraved, as to be insensible of her guilt. She now sincerely repented the baseness of her conduct; and took a resolution to exert herself to the utmost, in order, if possible, to extricate her sister as well as herself.

Z.

Louisa,

Louisa, whose tender disposition had sunk her into the most violent grief and affliction, gave herself up to weeping and lamentation; and was so woefully dejected, as to reject all consolation.

But Narcissa, who felt no less the indignity of the treatment they both suffered, did not submit to the like degree of despondency. As she was older, and more conversant in the world, she had also acquired sagacity and resolution; and was determined to try all she could to defeat the purpose of her unnatural parents.

Instead of unavailingly deplored the severity of their fate, she advised her sister to collect her spirits, and prepare for an attempt to escape from the prison wherein they were so undeservedly confined.

Louisa was not backward in acceding to this proposal; and though not so fertile in expedients as her sister, shewed every readiness to concur in any scheme that might seem practicable.

After holding a variety of consultations in what manner to effect their escape, and whether to fly after effecting it, they agreed on the following:

Among the many intercessors in favour of Louisa's emancipation, there was a young cousin, the

the intimate friend and companion of her infancy, who had passed several years in that convent, wherein she was now inclosed: that cousin had lately left it, in order to be married; her husband happened at this time to be absent with his regiment in Germany, in the army under the command of the Marshal Contayes; which, by the bye, fixes the epocha of this transaction to the year 1759.

In the absence of her husband, this young lady was settled in the family of an aunt, a woman of great-good nature and humanity, and who highly disapproved of the treatment of her other niece, Louisa.

Both these ladies had often hinted they would be happy in the company of Louisa, if she could prevail on her parents to permit her to live with them. The aunt, in particular, who was a widow, and had no children, had always professed a remarkable partiality for her.

To this aunt and cousin Louisa proposed to her sister they should fly for refuge; not doubting they would either keep or conceal them from the resentment and rage of their father, of which, they well knew, they should experience the most outrageous degree, on his hearing of their flight.

Having thus concerted a place of retreat, the next point was to contrive how to make their way out of the convent.

It was a strong and ancient building; it had been constructed at the time when civil dissensions were frequent in France; and had been formerly surrounded with a broad moat, now converted into orchards and gardens, beyond which there was an outer wall, beside that which inclosed the convent itself.

The sight of these difficulties did not, however, discourage them. The greatest obstacle to surmount was a large mastiff, chained in the day, but let out during the night, and whose vigilance in the garden rendered it impassable without immediate notice.

It was, therefore, thought advisable to make their attempt before the close of the day, after the last evening song was over, when the nuns would be all retired to their cells, and no person would be stirring in any part of the house.

After having thrown off their monastic habit, and put on a convenient dress, they sallied forth accordingly in the dusk of the evening, and proceeded to the chapel, where, it seems, they had observed

observed the windows were low enough to let themselves into that garden which had formerly been the moat.

When arrived there, the next busines was to find a ladder, which they had some days before perceived to be used for the purpose of gathering fruit from the trees.

In the mean time, an elderly nun, whose office it was to walk the round of the dormitory, as it is called, and to knock at the door of every cell, coming to that of the two sisters, and receiving no answer, immediately alarmed the lady Abbess, who repaired to their chamber.

No answser being returned to her, any more than to the other, the door was opened by the common key that is always in that lady's possession, and by which she lets herself into every person's apartment whenever she pleases.

On finding them gone, she ordered the alarum bell to be rung, and dispatched all the lay-sisters in quest of the fugitives.

These two unfortunate young ladies, after a long search, had at last found the ladder they had so much wanted; but several of the steps were missing, and they were obliged to make the best use
of

of it they could in this imperfect condition, not however till they had lost time in seeking for them.

The delay occasioned by this search proved fatal: they were on the point of applying the ladder to the outer wall, when two of the most active of the lay sisters came up with them.

These immediately seized and detained them, till the others came up; they were then brought back into the convent; and, notwithstanding all their tears and lamentations, locked up in separate chambers during the ensuing night.

Next day the Abbess sent their parents word of what had happened.—It is impossible to describe the savage fury of the father on this occasion. Had they been the most abandoned of wretches, his usage of them could not have been worse: he loaded them with all manner of abuse; and, without deigning to explain his intentions, he left them, with a solemn menace they should never see his face again.

Had the abbess retained the least spark of religion or honesty, she must undoubtedly have insisted on the restoration of liberty to these innocent young women, who had done nothing but what they were fully warranted in by the laws of God and man.

But

But instead of hearkening to any suggestions of pity or duty, that worthless woman basely consented, from lucrative motives, as it afterwards appeared, to continue the vile instruments of barbarity which their inexorable parents had found in her.

In order to sanctify the farce she had projected, a solemn chapter was held of all the nuns in the convent: both mothers and sisters, that is to say, both old and young, were called together, and the two young ladies were produced before them like culprits to receive their sentence.

Narcissa had courage enough to plead her cause before this assembly; she frankly acknowledged the duplicity of which she had been guilty, and declared that neither she nor Louisa had one moment entertained the least idea of becoming nuns; and that what they had done was in pure compliance with the injunctions of their parents.

But this justification availed nothing: she was told, that, notwithstanding her intentions to the contrary, her exterior conduct made her liable to be considered as a member of the community of which she had so long worn the dress; that having scandalized

scandalized it in the grossest manner, she was, according to the statutes in force upon such cases, amenable to punishment.

In pursuance of this declaration, the Abbess condemned them both to receive every morning a dozen of stripes with a discipline, to be daily repeated while they remained in the convent; telling them, at the same time, that they had rendered themselves unworthy of any mercy from their parents, who had delivered them up to her discretion, during the short stay they were to make in the convent; from whence they would soon be removed to a place of much severer confinement and harder living.

On the next morning, the execution of this inhuman sentence took place: two lay-sisters inflicted it upon them, in the most unfeeling manner.

These lay-sisters are exactly the counter-part of the lay-brothers in the monasteries of monks and friars: they are, generally, both men and women of low birth, low education, and consequently, of coarse ideas.

They are employed in the menial offices of the houses they belong to, and undergo all the drudgery of the meanest domestics, being, in fact, no better than servants and labourers.

Into such hands it was the lot of Narcissa and Louisa now to fall.—Three mornings did the delicate frames of these two young ladies endure the infliction of this torture; which, no doubt, was by the direction of their cruel parents: the Abbess durst never have proceeded to such extremities without their most positive injunctions: the father was a man of too much consequence for her to have adopted such measures without them.

The poor young ladies, however, not knowing where all this would end, and being debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, as well as the sight of all visitors, began to view their condition with horror, and to entertain the most desperate ideas.

Narcissa, who was less patient than her sister, told the nun who presided at these executions, that if they did not cease speedily, she knew how to put an end to them herself.

This being reported to the Abbess, she desisted from scourging them: but ordered that they should still continue under lock and key, and no person whatever be admitted to speak to them.

In this wretched condition they remained some days, when the Abbess, thinking they were sufficiently prepared for what she proposed, sent an art-

ful nun to converse with them, and sift their intentions, and to discover whether the sufferings they had gone through had disposed them to accept of any alternative, sooner than meet with a repetition.

This crafty woman found them just in the situation she could wish, drowned in tears, and bewailing themselves in the most piteous manner: affecting the sincerest sorrow for their misfortunes, she told them that a letter had that very day been remitted to the Abbess from their father; wherein he signified, that she should not abate in the least of the rigorous usage of his unworthy daughters, as he stiled them; that he insisted they should be kept apart from each other, fed on bread and water, and locked up in dungeons, if there were any in the convent.

Such excess of cruelty threw the unfortunate young ladies into a greater agony of despair than ever; they flung themselves on the ground before this nun, and besought her to intercede with the Abbess in their behalf, offering to do implicitly whatever she should order them.

The nun withdrew, and gave an account to the Abbess of the disposition she left them in, and of the facility there was now to mould them into any form she thought proper.

In truth, the two sisters were now convinced that it was in vain to contend any longer with their destiny: cruel as it was, they both agreed to yield to it with as good a grace as they were able.

They sent their humble request to the Abbess, that she would forgive what was past, and overlook a misdemeanour that was prompted by youth and folly, and which they would endeavour to atone for by a behaviour conformable to what should be required of them.

Thus did these unhappy young ladies bow themselves down before oppression, and make a seeming virtue of the dire necessity they were driven to, of either obeying the tyrannical mandates of their barbarous parents, or of being imprisoned like felons all the rest of their lives.

The Abbess now gloried in the victory she had obtained over these helpless young women: she informed their parents of the new turn things had taken: in consequence of which they desired her to inform their daughters, that when they had fulfilled their promises, then, but not before, they should be forgiven, and received again into favour.

The only remedy to the various evils they had been threatened with, was, therefore, adopted;

they demanded re-admittance into the state they had quitted, with a solemn assurance of making the usual vows, and consecrating themselves to a monastic life.

They were re-admitted accordingly, and in a few days took the irrevocable oath, and made their profession with the usual formalities.

Narcissa was, at this time, little more than twenty years of age, and though less beautiful than Louisa, was allowed to be very handsome.

Whether they were ever visited, either by their father or their mother, after this dreadful sacrifice, I could never learn. Possibly, the shame and remorse of having treated their children with so much inhumanity, may, when too late, have operated upon their consciences, and made them averse to behold the innocent and unfortunate objects of their criminal inflexibility.

If, on the contrary, the wishes of this wicked couple went to a total discharge of all sort of incumbrance upon account of these unhappy children, they were very speedily gratified.

Soon after their profession, Narcissa, overcome with grief and repentance at having deceived her sister, lost all peace of mind, and fell into a decline that carried her off about a twelvemonth after.

She

She died in the arms of Louisa, imploring her forgiveness with her last breath.

The tender-hearted and noble minded Louisa had not only forgiven her, but, convinced of the sincerity of her contrition, she loved her with the warmest affection: she clasped her to her bosom in her dying moments; called her by every endearing name, and told her in the most moving and pathetic terms, that she felt an inward assurance she should not long survive her.

Her prediction was very soon verified: she sickened a few days after the death of Narcissa, for the loss of whom she became inconsolable; while she was alive, they were a comfort to each other; the deprivation of her was a blow which her sensibility could not brook: there now remained no individual in whom she could repose any confidence: the treatment she had met with in that house rendered it odious, and the necessity of passing her life in it aggravated the horrors of such a situation; she shunned all society, and became a prey to silence and melancholy: her beautiful form wasted gradually to a skeleton; and she died at last six or seven months after Narcissa, and was, at her earnest desire, buried in the same grave.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E
O F T H E
EMPEROR CAMKI, of CHINA.

THE Emperor Camki, of China, being out a hunting, and having gone astray from his attendants, met with a poor old man, who wept bitterly, and appeared afflicted for some extraordinary disaster. He rode up to him, moved at the condition he saw him in ; and, without making himself known, asked what was the matter with him.—Alas! Sir, (replied the old man,) though I should tell you the cause of my distress, it is not in your power to remedy it.—Perhaps, my good man, (said the Emperor,) I may be of greater help to you than you think : make me your confident ; you do not know what may happen to your advantage. Well, good Sir, if you would fain know, (answered the old man,) I must tell you that all my sufferings are owing to a Governor of one of the Emperor's pleasure-houses. Finding a little estate of mine, near that royal house, to suit his conveniency, he seized upon it, and reduced me to the state of beggary you see me in. Not contented with this inhuman treatment, he forced my son to become his slave, and so robbed me of the only support of my old age. This, Sir, is the reason of my tears.

The

The Emperor was so affected with this speech, that, fully resolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the sanction of his authority, he immediately asked the old man if they were far from the house he spoke of; and the old man answering they were not above half a league, he said, he had a mind to go with him there himself, to exhort the Governor to restore to him his estate and his son, and that he did not despair of persuading him to it.—Persuade him! (replied the old man) ah, Sir, remember, if you please, that man belongs to the Emperor. It is neither safe for you nor me to propose any thing like what you say to him; he will only treat me the worse for it, and you will receive some insult from him, which I beg you would not expose yourself to.—Be under no concern on my account, (replied the Emperor,) I am determined to go on this business, and I hope we shall soon see a better issue to our negociation than you imagine.—The old man, who perceived visible marks in this unknown person of that something which illustrious birth impresses on the aspect of those of rank, believed he should not more oppose his good intentions, and only objected, that, being broke down with old age, and a foot, he was not able to keep up with the walk of the horse the Emperor was mounted on.—I am young, (answered the Emperor,) do you get a horseback,

horseback, and I will go a foot.—The old man not accepting the offer, the Emperor hit upon the expedient of taking him behind him; but the old man again excusing himself, that his poverty having deprived him of the means of changing linen and clothes, he might communicate to him vermin he could not keep himself clean of.—Come, friend, (said the Emperor,) be in no trouble about that: get behind me; a change of clothes will presently rid me of all communication of the kind.—At length the old man mounted, and both soon arrived at the house they rode to.—The Emperor asked for the Governor, who appearing, was greatly surprised when the Prince, in accosting him, discovered to him, to make himself known, the embroidered dragon he wore on his breast, which his hunting-garb had kept concealed. It happened, to render more famous, as it were, this memorable action of justice and humanity, that most of the Grandees, who followed the Emperor in the chace, there met about him, as if assigned a place of rendezvous. Before this grand assembly he severely reproached this old man's persecutor with his signal injustice; and, after obliging him to restore to him his estate and son, he ordered his head to be instantly cut off. He did more: he put the old man in his place, admonishing him to take care, lest, fortune changing his manners, another might avail

avail himself hereafter of his injustice, as he now had of the injustice of another.

The Emperor's whole conduct was truly noble, justice influenced by humanity, and this act of humanity in him principally regarded the concern men feel for the human species in general; for this single reason, that they are men like themselves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendship; though we must not exclude in the Emperor the sacred tie between the sovereign and subject, by which they are bound to consult a reciprocal welfare.

It is just we should have a superior tenderness for a father, a wife, a child, or a friend; but there is a sort of affection which we owe to all mankind, as being members of the same family, of which God is the Creator and Father. Let us illustrate this by the circular undulations which the fall of a stone causes on the surface of a clear and tranquil water. The agitation in the centre, by communicating itself afar off, forms a great number of tremulous circles, the faintness of whose impression is in proportion to the largeness of their circumference, till the last seems to have escaped from our sight. Here is an image of the different degrees of our affections. We love principally that which touches us the more nearly, and less

and less, in proportion to the distance. We consider mankind, with relation to us, as divided into different classes, every one of which, increasing gradually, consists of greater numbers than the former: we place ourselves in the smallest, which is surrounded by others more extended; and from thence we distribute to the different orders of men which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or less strong, in proportion to their distance from us, in such a manner, as that the last has hardly any share of it. These different classes may be ranked in the following order: a wife, children, friends, relations, men of the same religion; the next are those of the same trade or profession as ourselves; the other classes comprehend our neighbours, fellow citizens, and countrymen; the last, which includes all the rest, is the universal class of mankind.

POEM ON SHOOTING,

By LORD DEERHURST.

HAIL happy sports, which yellow Autumn clear,
And crown the ripen'd honours of the year;
The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
In artless numbers and incondite lays;

Wou'd

Wou'd paint the pleasures which to you belong,
 And bid the partridge tale adorn her song.
 Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
 To your just praise attun'd his moral lyre ;
 With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming plain,
 And hymn'd its beauties in no common strain ;
 Yet, sometimes, by retirement led astray,
 Too oft, thro' Fancy's flow'ry paths wou'd stray :
 As cruel, blame what man with justice loves,
 And censure sports the polish'd mind approves.
 Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt ;
 For the caught hare, or slaughter'd partridge melt,
 And while they read his gentle numbers o'er,
 Catch nicer feelings than they knew before.
 Say, ye refin'd, who would these sports upbraid,
 Say of what mould improv'd yourselves are made ;
 Say, ye humane, who wou'd these pleasures blame,
 Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings came ?
 Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom fleet,
 The man thro' evr'y thrilling nerve I feel.
 Yet, when I view the great primæval plan,
 I see each animal design'd for man ;
 Since He who form'd Creation's vast design,
 To his own image said, " All these be thine."
 All who tremendous howl the forest's pride,
 Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's side ;
 Each fish that cuts with fins yon wat'ry way,
 Each bird that flits thro' realms of liquid day.

Instructed Man his line of duty knows,
Nor hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy swain,
On loaded teams bears home his golden grain;
Or forms, in well-compacted heaps, his store,
While frequent sheaves adorn the field no more.
Now oft the choral harvest-home we hear,
To none more grateful than the sportsman's ear;
Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast convey,
Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.
Hence, partridges, approaching slaughter date,
And fear in every passing gale their fate;
Where now in safety shall the covey fly?
In what recess unknown to Bouchier lie?
Where shall it 'scape unhurt from threatening foes,
Or how elude the dog's sagacious nose?
Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,
With early step I tread the spangl'd fields;
With buskin'd foot I brush the morning dew,
The flying game with ardor to pursue.
Cautious I tread the stubble field around,
While the staunch pointer beats it all around;
See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain;
Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again;
Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
Nothing can lure him from the spot away;

And

And if too eager, he shou'd on proceed,
 He stands corrected by the " lo, take heed !"
 And waits till borne on flutt'ring wing they rise,
 And speed on sounding pinions thro' the skies;
 Then be it mine to mark their course on high,
 And point the level tube with squinted eye.
 The random shot I scorn ! and doubtful aim,
 Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim ;
 But from the rest I single one alone,
 Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.
 Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
 While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,
 Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
 Too rash the proper moment to await,
 At rising coveys with impatience flare,
 And fire their useless guns in vacant air !
 Let care and quickness mark your better sport,
 Your judgment sound, deliberation short ;
 So shall the baffl'd shot bring rare disgrace,
 And your swell'd bag bear home the frequent brace.
 Let the fierce huntsman, with his circling crew,
 Thro' many a maze the tim'rous hare pursue ;
 Let others draw with care th' inclosing net,
 And catch whole coveys at a single set.—
 Yours be the joys which partridge shooting yields,
 Be mine with dog and gun to range the fields ;
 And ever scornful of th' insidious snare,
 Wage with the flying game more open war !

A DREAM :

A D R E A M:

*Or, Visionary Representation of the Souls
Employment after Death.*

READING, last night, in the universal history, an account of the great care which the ancient Egyptians took to have their bodies embalmed after death, and of the immense charges they were at to provide sumptuous repositories for them, where they shall be safe and entire for ages, and considering that all this care and expence arose from a notion they entertained, of the soul's hovering about the body, as long as any union of its parts subsisted, I was astonished, that a people so rational in other respects, should adopt such a senseless opinion! A worthy occupation, truly, for an immortal spirit, after its enlargement, to watch a loathsome carcase for ages, which, tho' formerly united with it, had in death neither use nor beauty to make its presence desirable.

How much more noble was the idea of Socrates, who told his friends, after he had drank the hemlock, that his body, which they should presently see dead, was no part of Socrates, who had made his escape from it. But the most sublime idea of a future state, and most suitable to the dignity of man, made after the image of his creator, is that which

which represents, not only the perfect refinement of the mind, but the glorification also of the body, and the final conjunction and immortality of both.

Musing thus upon the state of the soul after its separation from the body, the thought, made so strong an impression on my mind, that it kept me awake for some hours after I went to bed: Before morning, however, I fell a sleep, and dreamed that I died suddenly, without any previous pain or sickness. No sooner was my soul dismissed from its confinement, but methought I immediately felt the happy effects of my freedom. All my faculties were enlarged, new thoughts sprung up in my mind, new objects surrounded me, and I was endowed with a new capacity to apprehend them.— Every thing about me was so refined and exalted, beyond any thing I had ever imagined, that there are no words in any language I know to express them. I thought myself somewhat like a man born blind, who having lived a long time in the world, and heard people often talk of light and colours, had formed strange notions of them in his own imagination, comparing them to different sounds and surfaces, but never knew what they really were, until the cataracts, which shut out the light, were happily removed from his eyes. While I stood anxious and doubtful, whether my new existence

istence had any thing real in it, or was only an illusion, I saw a man breaking out from an innumerable multitude, which was at a distance, and coming towards me, and as he drew near, knew him to be my late friend.

I perceived you to be a little bewildered, said he, and came out of pure friendship to encourage you at your first and transient appearance in this region. I am indeed so much engaged at present, that I cannot shew you those things that are most worthy of your observation in this place, but I have recommended to you guides equally willing, and more able than myself to give you all the information you desire. Yonder they are; farewell.—I sadly regretted his departure, but my new conductors were at hand: The one seemed to be a youth of celestial beauty, and to have a majesty in his air, and a gracefulness in his motion, far above any person I had ever beheld; but I was most delighted with the compassionate kindness which appeared in his countenance and which persuaded me that he was come for my protection. I was going to kneel before him, but with a smile full of tenderness, he hastily prevented me, and said, *See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and only thy guardian angel.* The other was an old man, whose figure appeared mean at a distance,

but

but venerable as he drew nearer. An easy chearfulness, familiarity, and benevolence, conspicuous in his air and address, (which seemed nevertheless, in some degree, to be contradicted by his features) so struck me, that I concluded him to be Socrates, and thought myself very happy in his company.— You are welcome, stranger, said he, with his ancient chearfulness, what do you now think of the descriptions which Homer, and our other Greek poets, have given of the state of the dead? You are, no doubt, of opinion, that their representations of the dead were only allegories, invented to deter the living from vice, and incite them to virtue; allegories certainly they were, continued he, partly obscure, and partly absurd, and yet under such poetical fictions were couched most of our inducements to piety and virtue in my younger days; but God, of his mercy, has accepted my endeavours to please him, through a Saviour, whom I knew not. I longed for the manifestation of a messenger from heaven, who should reveal the will of the Deity to man; but you Christians, who have been blessed with such a messenger, have generally made a perverse use of his doctrine. True, said I, and may the Almighty open the eyes, and mend the hearts of those that are yet to come: But pray, good Socrates, may I be permitted to ask how yon prodigious crowd is

C c employed?

employed? A multitude makes no crowd here, said he, as it commonly does on earth; there is no pressing or squeezing for place among us; for as our composition is pure and refined, whenever any thing is to be seen, or heard, which naturally brings a multitude together, we presently slip into a theatre prepared to our hands, larger or smaller, as the occasion requires, and every person glides swiftly into his proper place, higher or lower in the theatre; and, as we hear and see distinctly at a great distance, there is no necessity to thrust ourselves near an object, in order to view or understand it more accurately. As to yonder multitude, you shall know their business presently, for we came at your friends request on purpose to give you a general idea of our common entertainments in this place. Be wise and you shall see a great deal more hereafter. We then drew near to one of these theatres, which to me appeared a more magnificent and beautiful structure than I had ever seen or read of before. The body of the building, together with the columns and decorations within and without, seemed to be of the whitest and most delicate marble, finished with amazing art: The seats and benches of pure gold, and the area of the finest emerald: The whole illuminated with a splendor and brightness which I am not able to describe. Here an angel of high rank was explaining

ing to the spirits lately arrived, the nature of the human mind, the beauty, extent, and necessity of virtue; the reasons of the soul's connections with the body, the bands of their union; and the certainty of a resurrection. The audience listened with admiration and joy, and I was so charmed with the entertainment, and so eager to understand the subjects he treated on, that I would have continued there, had not my guide admonished me to step further.

I shall conduct you next, said Socrates, to an assembly which seldom meets, but happens to be now fitting. It is a rendezvous from all nations, of those who make it their business on earth to enquire with reverence into the works of God, from the solar system and eccentric comet, down to the smallest plant and minutest insect. It is not here, continued he, as on earth, where the human mind, from the narrowness of its capacity, and the richness of the works of creation, is obliged to confine itself to one branch of knowledge. Here the mind is so enlarged, that the former study of an age is soon acquired, and yet the fulness, variety, and beauty to be met with in every work of the Almighty, are so inexhaustible that they will furnish new arguments of admiration and praise to all eternity. This assembly meets at stated times, in

order to communicate their discoveries one to another. A genius practised in such contemplations either learns from a superior spirit the true nature and essence of any substance which he desires to know, or travels himself in a very little time, to any remote part of the universe, to make discoveries on the spot. The discovery that he has made (for there is but one language here) is communicated to the whole assembly, and every member takes his turn; while at the same time, a company of angels assists to do honour to the assembly, and farther elucidate, if desired, the facts related by each speaker: And upon every new discovery, a shout of praise and thanksgiving is sent up to him whose power and wisdom are infinite.

My guides had been drawing near to this assembly all the while that Socrates was describing it; and we came up at the moment when a member, who had attended a comet in several directions, through different tracts of space, explained to the society the curve which it described, and the cause by which its motions were regulated in the various parts of its rapid course; upon which one of those joyful hallelujahs mentioned before, was sung by the whole company. The splendor and majesty of this assembly so transported me, and the sweetness of the music filled my heart with such delight, that I attempted to join in the chorus,

rus, but found my voice too feeble for their exalted pitch.

Observe there, said Socrates, (pointing to a stately portico near this assembly) a select company of contemplative sages, surrounding that graceful and radiant seraph, who, to their entire satisfaction and transcendent joy, unfolds to them those mysteries of providence which they could not comprehend on earth, and chears up every obscure step of the divine œconomy, with which they desired to be acquainted.

But do not imagine, from what you have yet seen, that this region is destined to bestow happiness only upon the inquisitive and learned. Piety, righteousness, and charity, practised on earth, are infinitely more regarded here than science; but, at the same time I must tell you, that all who are admitted hither, whether male or female, old or young, Grecian or Barbarian, (as we Greeks used arrogantly to distinguish mankind) become soon more knowing than the most learned man on earth ever was. For, as the different attainments of men among you, arise, for the most part, from the different dispositions of their organs, and their different opportunities of improvement; and as the organs and opportunities of all here are equally good

good, the only conspicuous regard paid to human creatures in this place, arises from the different degrees of piety and virtue, which they acquired in their state of probation; and you will find that they are ranked accordingly, but still without raising any envy or jealousy in those of inferior degree; for every individual is conscious, that he enjoys the greatest felicity he is capable of, and unspeakably more than he deserved.

I must also inform you, that virtuous friendships, cultivated on earth, are not broke off here; for tho' every creature you see loves you, and is wonderfully ready to oblige you, yet next to the presence and favour of God, your friends are the greatest delight of your heart. Here are myriads of husbands and wives, parents and children, relations, companions, and neighbours, expressing their minds in the highest strains of gratitude and praise, to the supreme Being; who, after all their tedious care and solicitude on account of each other, after all the vexations and disappointments they met with in the world, has at last admitted them into those blessed mansions, from which every sort of wickedness and distress is banished for ever, and where they will see each other happy, without interruption, and without end.

Your

Your own eyes, said he, shall confirm the truth of what I have told you; and immediately he conducted me to the summit of an high hill, where all the great beauties of nature lay blended together in a charming wilderness around me; and where the whole region was full of people: But where I fixed my eye on any particular prospect, it appeared like an immense garden laid out with a regular variety, where the verdure of trees and lawns, the beauties of flowers and fruits, the brightness and motion of waters, and the contrast of light and shade, that appeared thro' the whole, formed the most delightful landscape I ever beheld. In yonder arbours, alcoves and walks, continued he, you have a view of the relations and friends I mentioned, in conversation sweet and pleasing beyond all human imagination. You see also, theatres, porticos, pavilions, temples, chapels, and oratorios, of various materials, dimensions, and architecture, where larger and smaller companies frequently meet to improve themselves in every heavenly virtue, to admire the works of creation and providence, and to adore the author of all their felicity; at which times, to their inexpressible joy, they are admitted into as full a view of the transcendant glory of the Almighty, and as large a participation of his favour, as their respective minds are at present able to receive.—

Herc

Here Socrates paused a moment, and I looked into two or three of those temples and oratories, where, with the utmost pleasure, I beheld several of my departed friends, whose lives were exemplary for piety and goodness. Some of these, in loud and melodious anthems, exalted the name of their Creator, and *some in inexpressive silence mused his praise.* Their garments shone like light; a radiant crown encompassed their heads, and their countenances discovered so much satisfaction and benignity, that the very sight of them was transporting. Blessed society! cried I, no wonder the martyrs of old, and good men in all ages, despised temporary afflictions for *the joy which was set before them.* Blessed indeed, said Socrates, and how easily may that blessing be obtained! What madness has possessed mankind, that they could not all come to this place, considering the rational and advantageous conditions required of them, the gracious encouragements given them, and that none are finally excluded, but those perverse wretches, who have contracted such deliberate habits of malice and wickedness, without repentance, that our conversation and employment here would be disagreeable and irksome to them, suppose they could be admitted. But there is a very different abode appointed for miscreants, who took

took pleasure in affronting the Deity, and injuring their neighbour.

He then led me to the brink of a dreadful precipice; Look down there, said he, and view the habitation of misery, and listen to the groans of anguish. What the final result will be, with respect to these criminals, God only knows, who punishes for the sake of justice, example, and amendment; and not thro' fear, anger, or revenge, as man often does. One thing we are sure of, which is, that the Great Judge of the universe will finally determine what is wisest, best and fittest to be done, with respect to all his creatures, to the full conviction of every rational being.

I find that Christians daily offer up this petition to the Deity: *Thy Kingdom come*, in a prayer taught them by him who perfectly knew the will of heaven. But how can God's blessed kingdom of universal righteousness, charity, holiness, and happiness come, while so many myriads of reasonable creatures continue disobedient and refractory? May not punishment, proportioned to the heinousness of their crimes, to the malevolence of their dispositions, together with some remote hope or possibility of pardon, or some other method contrived by infinite wisdom, tho' unknown to us, at last produce humiliation and amendment?—

D d

Whereas,

Whereas, eternal and horrible despair can produce nothing but blasphemy, malice and distraction, which seem repugnant to the ends of creation, and to the order and beauty preserved in the government of the universe. Does it become weak and ignorant man to affirm, that there shall be no end of sin, which is so hateful to God, whose prerogative it is to bring order out of confusion. But my sight is too feeble to penetrate so far into futurity. To the wisdom, justice and goodness of God, therefore, I leave the state of those unhappy criminals to be determined. But I perceive that such a dismal scene shocks you ! This exalted spirit, continued he, (bowing respectfully to my guardian angel, who accompanied us all the while) can entertain you better.

The angel then taking me graciously by the hand, said, I am glad to meet you here in any shape, because I hope, that what you see among us will give you a just idea of the value and dignity of the human mind, and evermore induce you to pursue objects worthy of that image after which you was created. How vain, trifling, and transient are the honours, wealth, and pleasures of the earth, compared to the transcendent and endless happiness enjoyed here. The great privilege

lege and glory of man, his principal, and almost only superiority over the beasts of the field, consist in the relation in which he stands towards God; in being made after his likeness, capable to serve him, and to enjoy his presence and favour for ever. The time will come, when the righteous among mankind shall be raised to the rank in which I now stand, and perhaps a great deal higher, thro' the favour of the Almighty, who is perpetually enlarging our capacities, and drawing us nearer to himself in every kind of felicity. My endowments at present excel what they were at my first production; for it is impossible to have so near a view of the wisdom, goodness, and holiness of God, as we enjoy in this place, without receiving continual improvements. You think your faculties greatly refined by a cursory mingling with the world of good spirits. How will they be really exalted, if ever you come to dwell in these regions, where the source of all perfections is risible? How often have I pitied your folly, when you have given way to your passions and appetites, and deviated from your plain and known duty, which is the only path that leads hither. I could, and did frequently guard you from the snares of men and wicked spirits; and in manifest dangers seconded the remonstrances of your own conscience by suggesting

proper reasons against sin, while yet your mind hesitated between your duty to God, and the allurements of the world. But I had no orders to over-rule your freedom, or defend you from yourself, when you was perversely determined to gratify your vicious inclinations. Come, nevertheless, (continued he, with an air of compassion) I will now conduct you to yonder eminent temple, and I will there shew you as much of the external majesty of the Almighty, as a dim-sighted person can behold. And as we went along, he continued his gracious discourse in the following manner:

O that men would sincerely endeavour to entertain a just conception of the Deity, of his excellencies and perfections; and would, in all events, resolve, to the utmost of their power, to perform the plain and obvious duties of loving God and their neighbour; and never quit the road of righteousness and holiness, to search for any other bye paths to heaven: Hereby they might secure to themselves, through the merits and intercession of the great Redeemer, a joyful reception into this region of light and truth, where their capacities would soon be enlarged, all their mistakes rectified, and themselves made, beyond imagination,

imagination, happy. How much wiser would such a conduct be, than to wrangle and dispute concerning difficult points, which they do not yet understand, hating in the mean time, and persecuting their neighbours, because they differ in opinion with them on those obscure speculations. There is nothing more certain, than that the supreme Being cannot make himself less infinite than he is in every excellence, in order to accommodate his immensity to the narrow apprehension of mankind, or make his conduct in every instance obvious to the human understanding.— Why then should such a weak, ignorant creature as man, break through all the plain rules of charity, swell with pride, and damn, and persecute his neighbours, because in some high and intricate points they cannot think as he does? O that they would all rather strive by a sincere and humble practice of piety, and virtue, to arrive at this place, where their understanding will be wonderfully enlightened, and all their doubts quickly removed! We, whose intellectual faculties are far superior to those of man, when we contemplate the divine nature and perfections, and his government of the universe, perpetually discover new glories, and new matter of wonder and adoration, and shall discover more and more to all eternity, nay (to use the words of one of your own species) *Eternity is too short to utter all his praise.*

As

As the angel had pronounced these words, we found ourselves near the temple, and I perceived innumerable rays of a glorious light darting from it, which far surpassed the sun in brightness, and yet rather invigorated than dazzled the sight.—But when we arrived at the outer gates, and the angel was going to open one of them, conscious of my own unworthiness, and afraid to appear in the presence of him, whose eyes are *purer than to behold iniquity*, I was struck with so great an awe of the majesty and holiness of God, that I immediately awaked, and found my bed trembling under me.

I N T E M P E R A N C E.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the Court of his grandfather, Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the King. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather.—The King reminded him of the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at

an

an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the Lords of your Court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic.—Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a King.

ANECDOSE
OF A
FAT COUNTRY PARSON.

A CLERGYMAN, who had long dozed over sermons in the pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tythes, to exert himself mightily; his text was, “The patience of Job.” Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, probably for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others. But, added he, let us refresh ourselves with a mug of the best beer; remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent? The obedient wife, pleased with his good humour, flew to the cellar, but, alas! the barrel was staved, and quite empty. What should she do? there was no hiding.—My dear,

dear, said she, with despair in her eyes, what a sad accident has happened! I am sorry, replied the parson, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with Christian patience; but where is the beer all this while? A-lack-a-day, that is the very thing; how it has happened I cannot understand, but it is all running on the ground.—The parson fell into a violent passion. My life, says she, do but reflect upon your sermon, think of the patience of Job.—Job, said he, don't talk to me of Job's patience.—Job never had a barrel of such beer in his life!

ANECDOTE OF AN IRISHMAN.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German-town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender: they, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters.

ters.—General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how he a single man, could capture five? “Why,” says the Irishman, “please your Excellency, by Jasus, I surrounded them!” The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, and gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year is ended, and I have got one year less to live, one year more to account for at the bar of the Almighty, and am one year nearer to an eternal world: What do these thoughts suggest to me? Surely nothing less, nothing more seasonable, and nothing of greater importance, than the necessity, the absolute necessity, of numbering my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; of earnestly seeking to know the things which belong unto my peace, before they are for ever hidden from my eyes.

How few among the sons and daughters of mortality are mindful of their latter end! how few even of those who make a profession of reli-

E e gion

ligion are truly concerned to improve their time in preparing for their last great change! Well might the prophet say, " Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Men live as if they were never to die, and too many die utterly regardless of the life which is to come; such is man's infatuation and stupidity, that he will not see, though it is daily before his eyes, that he is on the brink of eternity, and liable to drop into it every moment.— Many are called off the stage of life suddenly and unexpectedly every revolving year; some in the bloom of youth, others just as they arrive to mature age. Melancholy accidents frequently terminate the lives of some, while dread diseases daily hasten the deaths of others. Alas! how many have fallen the past year! how many began the year with as sanguine expectations of ending it as myself, but ere the half of it was past, were summoned into another world! And wherefore am I still spared? Whence is it I am still a probationer upon earth? Why am I permitted to see the close of another year, while many younger than myself are numbered with the silent dead, and gone to the house appointed for all living? Surely these questions demand our most serious regard, and should be the matter of our constant meditation.

Dr.

Dr. Young, in his Night thoughts, very justly observes, ' time wasted is existence—used is life;' and then, as if considering the importance and necessity of improving it aright, adds,

" Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,
" And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell."

Yes, fellow mortal, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, be assured time is precious, and soon will be no more : death is at hand, and eternity awaits thee :—an awful eternity of bliss or woe will, ere long, open on the whole human race, which shall be the everlasting portion of thee, of me, of all : then let it be our constant study and pursuit, according to the poet's admonition,

" To make each year a critic on the past,
" And live each year as though it was our last.

ON THE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS

Of an open Behaviour,
AND AN INGENIOUS DISPOSITION.

A GREAT part of mankind, if they cannot furnish themselves with the courage and generosity

rosity of the lion, think themselves equally happy, and much wiser, with the pitiful cunning of the fox. Every word they speak, however trivial the subject, is weighed before it is uttered. A disgusting silence is observed till somebody of authority has advanced an opinion, and then, with a civil leer, a doubtful and hesitating assent is given, such as may not preclude the opportunity of a subsequent retraction. If the conversation turn only on the common topics, of the weather, the news, the play, the opera, they are no less reserved in uttering their opinion, than if their lives and fortunes depended on the sentiment, they should at last venture, with oracular dignity to advance. Whatever may be their real idea on the subject, as truth is a trifle compared to the object of pleasing those with whom they converse, they generally contrive gently to agree with you; unless it should appear to them, on mature consideration, that their opinion (if contingencies to the number of, at least ten thousand, should take place) may, at the distance of half a century, involve them in some small danger of giving a little offence, or of incurring a trifling embarrassment. They wear a constant smile on their countenance, and are all goodness and benevolence, if you will believe their professions; but beware, for their hearts are as dark as the abysses which constitute the abodes

of

of the evil spirit. A man of this character *niger est*, as Horace says, and thou, who justly claimest the title of an honest Englishman, be upon thy guard, when thine ill-fortune introduces thee into his company.

These crafty animals are even more reserved, cautious, timid, and serpentine, in action, than in conversation. They lay the deepest schemes, and no conclave of cardinals, no combination of conspirators, no confederacy of thieves, ever deliberated with more impenetrable secrecy. Connections are sought with the most painful solicitude. No arts and no assiduities are neglected, to obtain the favour of the great. Their hearts pant with the utmost anxiety, to be introduced to a family of distinction and opulence, not only because the connection gratifies their pride, but also because, in the wonderful complications and vicissitudes of human affairs, it may one day promote their interest. Alas! before that day arrives, their perpetual uneasiness has usually put a period to their ambition, by terminating their existence.— But even if they gain their ends, after a youth and a manhood consumed in constant care and servitude, yet the pleasure is not adequate to the pain, nor the advantages to the labour. Every one is ready to complain of the shortness of life; to spend, therefore,

therefore, the greatest part of it in perpetual fear, caution, suspence, and solicitude, merely to accomplish an object of worldly ambition or avarice; what is it but the proverbial folly of him who loses a pound to save a penny? Give me, O ye powers! an ingenuous man would exclaim, give me health and liberty, with a competence, and I will compassionate the man of a timid and servile soul, who has at last, crept on hands and knees, through thick and thin, into a stall, and seated his limbs, after they have been palsied with care, on the bench of judges or of bishops.

Indeed, the perpetual agitation of spirits, the tormenting fears, and the ardent hopes, which alternately disorder the bosom of the subtle and suspicious worldling, are more than a counterbalance to all riches and titular honours, which successful cunning can obtain. What avail croziers, coronets, fortunes, mansion-houses, parks, and equipages, when the poor possessor of them has worn out his sensibility, ruined his nerves, lost his eyes, and perhaps, stained his honour, and wounded his conscience, in the toilsome drudgery of the most abject servitude, from his youth up, even to the hoary age of feebleness and decrepitude? When a man has a numerous offspring, it may, indeed, be generous, to sacrifice his own ease

ease and happiness to their advancement. He may feel a virtuous pleasure in his conduct, which may soothe him under every circumstance of disagreeable toil or painful submission. But it is obvious to observe that the most artful of men, and the greatest slaves to interest and ambition, are frequently unmarried men; and that they were unmarried, because their caution and timidity would never permit them to take a step which could never be revoked. Themselves, however unamiable, have been the only objects of their love; and the rest of mankind have been made use of merely as the instruments of their mean purposes, and selfish gratifications. But the rest of mankind need not envy them, for they inflict on themselves the punishments they deserve. They are always craving and never satisfied; they suffer a torment which is justly represented as infernal; that of being perpetually reaching after blessings which they can never grasp, of being prohibited to taste the fruit, whose colour appears so charming to the eye, and whose flavour so delicious to the imagination.

How lovely and how happy, on the other hand, an open and ingenuous behaviour. An honest, unsuspicious heart, diffuses a serenity over life, like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals

the

the blue æther, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air; but a crafty and designing bosom, is all tumult and darkness, and may be said to resemble a misty and disordered atmosphere, in the comfortless climate of the poor Highlander. The one raises a man almost to the rank of an angel of light; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness.—The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast; the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.

An open and ingenuous disposition is not only beautiful and most conducive to private happiness; but productive of many virtues essential to the welfare of society. What is society without confidence?—But if the selfish and mean system, which is established and recommended among many whose advice and example have weight, should universally prevail, in whom, and in what shall we be able to confide?—It is already shocking to a liberal mind to observe, what a multitude of papers, parchments, oaths, and solemn engagements are required, even in a trivial negotiation. On the contrary, how comfortable and how honourable to human nature, if promises were bonds, and assertions affidavits. What pleasure, and what improvement would be derived from conversation, if every one would dare

to

to speak his real sentiments, with modesty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or servile desire to please for the sake of interest. To please by honest means, and from the pure motives of friendship and philanthropy, is a duty; but they who study the art of pleasing, merely for their own sakes, are, of all characters, those which ought least to please, and which appear, when the masque is removed, the most disgusting. Truth, and simplicity of manners, are not only essential to virtue and happiness, but, as objects of taste, truly beautiful. Good minds will always be pleased with them, and bad minds we need not wish to please.

Since cunning and deceit are thus odious in themselves, and incompatible with real happiness and dignity, I cannot help thinking, that those instructors of the rising generation who insisted on simulation and dissimulation, on the *pensieri stretti*, on the thousand tricks of worldly wisdom, are no less mistaken in their ideas, than mean, contracted, and illiberal. Listen not ye generous young men, whose hearts are yet untainted, listen not to the delusive advice of men so deluded, or so base. Have courage enough to avow the sentiments of your souls; and let your countenance and your tongue be the heralds of your hearts. Please, consistently

sistently with truth and honour, or be contented not to please. Let justice and benevolence fill your bosom, and they will shine spontaneously like the real gem without the aid of a foil, and with the most durable and captivating brilliancy.

A N E C D O T E

O F

J U S T I N M A R T Y R.

JUSTIN MARTYR, a philosopher, who received Christianity five and twenty years after the death of Ignatius, plainly tells us, in his relation of conversion to the Christian faith, ‘ That ‘ the power of godliness in a plain, simple Christian, ‘ had that influence and operation on his soul, that ‘ he could not but betake himself to a serious and ‘ strict life:’ and yet, before he was a Cynick, a strict sect: and it gave him joy at his martyrdom, that he had spent his days as a serious teacher, and a good example. And Eusebius relates, ‘ That ‘ though he was a follower of Plato’s doctrine, yet, ‘ when he saw the Christians’ piety and courage, ‘ he concluded, No people so temperate, less ‘ voluptuous, and more set on divine things:’ which first induced him to become a Christian.

ANECDOSE.

A N E C D O T E.

CARDINAL Wolsey was first minister of state to Henry the Eighth, and in great favour with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the King; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. "Had I served my God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

ODE TO SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
 Thy blest return on genial wing,
 Inspires my languid lays;
 No more I sleep in sloth supine,
 When all creation at thy shrine
 Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r;
 And, foremost of the train,
 By Nature (artless handmaid) drest,
 The snow-drop comes, in lilyed vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,
 And ev'ry loud and sprightly note
 Calls echo from her cell ;
 Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,
 A beauteous nymph became a found ;
 The nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,
 Bids tree and shrub, and swelling vine,
 Their infant buds display :
 Again the streams refresh the plains,
 Which winter bound in icy chains,
 And sparkling bles his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
 And instant glows th' enamell'd ground
 With nature's varied hues ;
 Not so returns our youth decay'd,
 Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
 The spring of life renew's.

The sun's too quick revolving beam
 Apace dissolves the human dream,
 And brings th' appointed hour ;
 Too late we catch his parting ray,
 And mourn the idly wasted day,
 No longer in our pow'r.

Then

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight
 Pursues by Virtue's constant light
 A hope beyond the skies ;
 Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy spring for ever bloom,
 And suns eternal rise.

AN ANECDOTE

OF

PHILIP THE SECOND.

PHILIP, walking alone one day in one of the cloisters belonging to the convent of Escorial, a tradesman seeing the door open, went in.— Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which the house is adorned, he addressed himself to the King, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings and describe the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, ‘ I am much obliged to you, friend; I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bambis;

if

if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.'—
 ' And my name (said the pretended servant) is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.'

ANECDOTE.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concerns for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, " Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, " See in what peace a Christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

THE FORCE
OF
NATURAL AFFECTION.

THE power of natural affection is so well known, that it is unnecessary to introduce the following story with any general reflections upon it; as the events which it contains are of so interesting a nature, that they cannot fail to engage the attention of every reader that is not destitute of the virtues of humanity.

An old gentleman of an ancient family, and possessed of a large estate, whom I shall for the present call Gloriosus; as his greatest foible consisted in valuing himself too much upon the nobility of his ancestors, (an extravagant notion which he had improved by a long residence in Spain,) had a son, possessed of every amiable quality, whom I shall beg to call by the name of Theodosius. As Gloriosus was rather intent upon increasing the honour of his family than amassing wealth, he resolved to marry his son to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose pedigree could bear the strictest enquiry, though the portion of the young lady was but small. In this he was seconded by his wife, who had imbibed all the extravagant notions of her husband. But they were both

both equally mortified and disappointed, to find that Theodosius was obstinately bent against the match. His mother hereupon formed a suspicion that his heart was pre-engaged; and this was soon after turned into certainty, by her intercepting a letter addressed by Theodosius to Sylvia, a young woman of extraordinary beauty and great accomplishments, who, being the daughter of a merchant to whom Gloriosus had particular obligations, had been by him entertained, when her father, on account of the perplexed state of his affairs, was obliged to quit the kingdom. It appeared from this letter, that Theodosius had for some time past been privately married to Sylvia, and that his rejecting the match proposed by his parents took rise from his affection to her.

His discovery threw Gloriosus into the most violent rage imaginable; and he immediately resolved to disinherit his son, and never see him more, if he did not consent to have his clandestine marriage annulled.

Sylvia, being informed of this rigorous determination, begged to be heard in her own defence; and the old gentleman agreed to the interview, flattering himself that he should be able to persuade her to consent to the separation. The young lady,

lady, however, pleaded her cause in terms so pathetic, that, seeing Gloriolus begin to melt, she produced the two children whom he had by his son: which affecting circumstance so powerfully moved the old man, that he immediately embraced them as his grand-children, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his wife; and, sending for Theodosius, declared that he consented to his marriage with Sylvia, and wished that their union might prove both lasting and happy.

The joy of the young couple, upon this occasion, may be more easily conceived than expressed: it was indeed so great, that it received no inconsiderable accession when the father of Sylvia, having settled his affairs, returned from abroad, and made her fortune much greater than that which Theodosius was to have had with the lady whom his parents urged him to marry. This circumstance, however, contributed not a little to their satisfaction, as interest has always great influence over the old.

ANECDO^TE.

HENRY the Third of France asking those about him, one day, what it was the Duke of Guise did to charm and allure every one's
G g heart?

heart? he received this answer: Sir, the Duke of Guise does good to all the world without exception, either directly by himself, or indirectly by his recommendations. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always some good to say of every body, but never speaks ill of any: and this is the reason he reigns on men's hearts, as absolutely as your Majesty does in your kingdom.

ON THE
Astonishing Effects of MUSIC.

THE following instance of the amazing change wrought upon the passions, by the power of music, is supported by the authority of Prince Cantimir, who relates it in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the Officer who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor.—

The

The Officer indulged him in his entreaty; and, being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath.— The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intentions. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late Prince of Wales descended to honour Mr. Pope with a visit, Pope met the Prince at the water-side, and expressing his sense of the honour done him in very

proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, “ it is very well, but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince, with your professed indisposition to Kings, since Princes will be Kings, in time.” “ Sir,” replied Mr. Pope, “ I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure.”

A NECDOTE.

LORD BACON, towards the latter end of his life, laid, that a little smuttering in philosophy would lead a man to atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquisitions, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.



ON

ON THE DEATH

O F

D R. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See LEVET to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
 Nor letter'd arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No

No summons mock'd by chil delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
 And sure th' eternal master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His fraine was firm—his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

AN ANECDOTE.

A DEAN of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the Dean, who

who desired him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid, at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner." "For how many, an please your honour?" says Boniface. "Why," replies the parson, "I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's Chaplains. The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived, a large table was set out, and the cloth laid; "How's this," cries his reverence, "you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company." "An please your honour," replied the landlord, "Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, an please your honour, I'd get enough."

enough."—" Oh, very well," coolly, answered the Dean, who now recollected himself, " I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me."

AN ANECDOTE.

ALATE Archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance: Soon after, hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about two hundred pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he should like it. The Doctor, when he came back again, thanked his Grace for the offer he had made him; but said, he met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his Grace pleased, to wait 'till something else fell. Another vacancy, not long after happening, the Archbishop sent him to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his Grace. A third living, much better than either of the others, became vacant, as he was told;—the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that; and when he came back,

" Well,

“Well, now,” said my Lord, “how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this?” “I like the country very well, my Lord,” answered he, “and the house, the income, and the neighbourhood, but”—“But!” replied the Archbishop, what ~~but~~ can there be then?”—“But, my Lord,” said he, “the old incumbent is not dead; I found him smoaking his pipe at the gate of his house.”

REFLECTIONS ON PLEASURE.

THE love of pleasure is the root of every crime. Theft, murder, perjury, are a few of its fatal fruits. What an extravagant dominion does pleasure exercise over us? It is not only the pestilence that walketh in darkness, but an arrow that destroyeth at noon-day.

Pleasure is in some sort more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has naturally some horror in it: it startles and alarms the conscience, and puts us on our guard. Pleasure, under the colour of being harmless, has an opiate in it; it stupifies and besots. In the soft lap of pleasure, conscience falls asleep. Vice, losing its horror, becomes

H h familiar;

familiar ; and as vice increases, some expedient becomes necessary to reconcile us to ourselves.— Thus, looking out for some shadow of excuse, we naturally slide into groundless doubts, and become Infidels out of pure self defence. And, as pleasure makes us Infidels by stupifying the conscience, so it makes us very bad husbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening the understanding, and thus disqualifying us for the very point to which alone we pretend.

It is this cloud on the understanding which hinders our voluptuaries from discerning that their blind rage for pleasure turns blessings into the reverse. Birth, education, and abundance, are great blessings ; but, abused by pleasure into motives and instruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obscurity ; knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance, and abundance more a misfortune than want.

It is this cloud on the understanding which makes us so little masters in the very science we profess. Happiness is our study, but are we not dunces in it ? We know not, or seem not to know, that all real enjoyment lies within the compass of God's commands ; which abridge not, but defend them : and, when we dip too deep in pleasure, we stir

stir a sediment that renders us impure and obnoxious: that, (as much a paradox as it may seem) the best means to arrive at the true pleasures of the body, is to preserve and cultivate the powers of the soul; and that a good understanding is, in man, the source and security of mere animal delight.

These modern votaries of pleasures run, in many things, counter to their master Epicurus. An indulgent providence has abundantly provided us with improveable pleasures. Why are these swept away with an ungrateful hand, to make room for poisons of our own deadly composition, to be placed in her stead? Epicurus was in love with his garden: but that is an amour too innocent for them: a garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wife. What is requisite to make a wife and happy man, but reflection and peace?— And both of a garden are the natural growth. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common-field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial

seed in their stead: for what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to Heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from Heaven of sweet incense to man was wafted in that breeze! What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the rainbow had shed all its most celestial colours on it! Here are no objects that fire the passions; none that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of these men. To them the tulip has no colours, the rose no scent: their palate for pleasure is so deadened, and burnt out by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility to the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic, or moral sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendent fruit, or rising flower; those speechless, not powerless, orators, ever praising their great author, inspire. Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

I am not against enjoyments. Without a relish of the good things of life, we cannot be thankful. Enjoy, but enjoy reasonably and thankfully to the Great Donor: that will secure us from excess.—

To

To enjoy is our wisdom, and our duty: it is the great lesson of human life, but a lesson which few have learned; and none less than these, who proclaim themselves masters of it.

It is this intellectual cloud, which hangs like a fog, over every gay resort of our modern votaries of pleasure, tho' invisible to common eyes, which flings us not only into mistakes, but contradictions. How sick are we of yesterday? yet how fond of to-morrow, though devoted to the same cheat as the past? We cannot believe that fatigue is fatigue, let it's cause be what it will. Too much recreation tires as soon as too much business. The man of business has, at least, his seventh day's rest.— Our fever for folly never intermits: our week has no Sabbath in it.

To speak the truth, we tread this eternal round of vanities less for the pleasure it brings, than for the pain it suspends. It is a refuge, not a prize. Like criminals, we fly to it from our much injured, unforgiving foes, from ourselves, which chide and sting us when alone: when together, we support each others spirits; which is like sailors clinging to each other, when the vessel is sinking. We fly from ourselves, because we first fly from our Maker.

HONEST

HONEST POVERTY,

A CHINESE STORY.

A MAN in the district of Sinkien, in China, had a long while suffered the hardship of pinching poverty, and found himself at length reduced to a very trifle of money, without knowing where to find subsistence after it was gone, so that he and his wife, in despair, bought a little rice and arsenick, determining to mix them together, and put an end to their misery: the rice was almost baked, and the arsenick was mixed therewith, when, on a sudden, an inspector of the Canton entered their house, who had come a great way, and was very hungry, and being in haste to go elsewhere, speedily demanded a little rice. As they told him there was none, he looked into the oven, and saw that it was almost ready, upon which he made bitter complaints that they should tell him a falsehood for the sake of such a trifle; when the master of the house, moving gently his hand, I was not willing, said he to him, to give you any of this rice, and then, falling into tears, added the reason. At these words the overseer took the dish, threw the rice out of it, and buried it, then comforted the poor people; follow me, said he to the husband, I can give you fifty pounds of grain; this will serve you for some days, and perhaps in that time you may

may get a supply for the future. The poor man followed the inspector; and thanking him for his charity, brought the grain home in a sack. At his return he opened the sack, and found, besides grain, fifty ounces of fine silver; he was greatly astonished at it, and when recovered from his surprize, It is doubtless, said he to himself, the Emperor's silver that this man has collected according to his commission, and has forgot that he left it in the sack; if he should be a debtor for this sum to the Emperor, it would be a troublesome business for him; he has had compassion upon me, and I am determined not to injure him; upon which, he returned speedily to the inspector, to restore him the silver: "As for me," said the inspector, "I have had no commission to gather money for the Emperor, nor did I put the money in the sack, for where should I have it, being so poor as I am? It must needs be a particular favour of Heaven." It was to no purpose for the inspector that he said the silver did not belong to him, for the other having found it in the sack with the grain, would not keep it: in short the conclusion was, that they divided it between them, which proved a seasonable assistance to them both.

A TURKISH

A TURKISH ANECDOTE.

THE favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise, who had requested an alms. The insulted Santon dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it, in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told, the favourite was disgraced, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. 'I now perceive,' said he, 'that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel.'



